

# THE DIAL

JULY 1929

## TEN POEMS

BY D. H. LAWRENCE

*Pensées, like pansies, have their roots in the earth, and in the perfume there stirs still the faint grim scent of under-earth. Certainly in pansy-scent and in violet scent it is so: the blue of the morning mingled with the corrosive smoulder of the ground.*

### TO LET GO OR HOLD ON—?

Shall we let go,  
and allow the soul to find its level  
downwards, ebbing downwards, ebbing downwards to the flood?  
till the head floats tilted like a bottle forward tilted  
on the sea, with no message in it; and the body is submerged  
heavy and swaying like a whale recovering  
from wounds, below the deep black wave?  
like a whale recovering its velocity and strength  
under the cold black wave.

Or else, or else  
shall a man brace himself up  
and lift his face and set his breast  
and go forth to change the world?  
gather his will and his energy together  
and fling himself in effort after effort  
upon the world, to bring a change to pass?

Tell me first, O tell me,  
will the dark flood of our day's annihilation  
swim deeper, deeper, till it leaves no peak emerging?

Shall we be lost, all of us  
and gone like weed, like weed, like eggs of fishes,  
like sperm of whales, like germs of the great dead past  
into which the creative future shall blow strange, unknown forms?

Are we nothing, already, but the lapsing of a great dead past?  
Is the best that we are but sperm, loose sperm, like the sperm of  
fishes  
that drifts upon time and chaos, till some unknown future takes  
it up  
and is fecund with a new Day of new creatures? different from us.

Or is our shattered Argosy, our leaking ark  
at this moment scraping tardy Ararat?  
Have we got to get down and clear away the débris  
of a swamped civilization, and start a new world of man  
that will blossom forth the whole of human nature?

Must we hold on, hold on  
and go ahead with what is human nature  
and make a job of the human world?

Or can we let go?  
O, can we let go,  
and leave it to some nature that is more than human  
to use the sperm of what's worth while in us  
and thus eliminate us?  
Is the time come for humans  
now to begin to disappear,  
leaving it to the vast revolutions of creative chaos  
to bring forth creatures that are an improvement on humans,  
as the horse was an improvement on the ichthyosaurus?

Must we hold on?  
Or can we now let go?

Or is it even possible we must do both?

## THINGS MEN HAVE MADE—

Things men have made with wakened hands, and put soft life into  
are awake through years with transferred touch, and go on glowing  
for long years.

And for this reason, some old things are lovely  
warm still with the life of forgotten men who made them.

## WHATEVER MAN MAKES—

Whatever man makes and makes it live  
lives because of the life put into it.

A yard of India muslin is alive with Hindu life.  
And a Navajo woman, weaving her rug in the pattern of her dream  
must run the pattern out in a little break at the end  
so that her soul can come out, back to her.

But in the odd pattern, like snake-marks on the sand  
it leaves its trail.

## WORK

There is no point in work  
unless it absorbs you  
like an absorbing game.

If it doesn't absorb you  
if it's never any fun,  
don't do it.

When a man goes out into his work  
he is alive like a tree in spring  
he is living, not merely working.

When the Hindus weave thin wool into long, long lengths of stuff  
with their thin dark hands and their wide dark eyes and their still  
souls absorbed

they are like slender trees putting forth leaves, a long white web  
of living leaf,  
the tissue they weave,  
and they clothe themselves in white as a tree clothes itself  
in its own foliage.

As with cloth, so with houses, ships, shoes, wagons or cups or  
loaves  
men might put them forth as a snail its shell, as a bird that leans  
its breast against its nest, to make it round,  
as the turnip models his round root, as the bush makes flowers and  
gooseberries,  
putting them forth, not manufacturing them,  
and cities might be as once they were, bowers grown out from the  
busy bodies of people.

And so it will be again, men will smash machines.

At last, for the sake of clothing himself in his own leaf-like cloth  
tissued from his life,  
and dwelling in his own bowery house, like a beaver's nibbled  
mansion  
and drinking from cups that came off his fingers like flowers off  
their five-fold stem,  
he will cancel the machines we have got.

#### WHAT WOULD YOU FIGHT FOR?

I am not sure I would always fight for my life.  
Life might not be worth fighting for.

I am not sure I would always fight for my wife.  
A wife isn't always worth fighting for.

Nor my children, nor my country, nor my fellow men.  
It all depends whether I found them worth fighting for.

The only thing men invariably fight for  
is their money. But I doubt if I'd fight for mine, anyhow  
not to shed a lot of blood over it.



Yet one thing I do fight for, tooth and nail, all the time.  
And that is my bit of inward peace, where I am at one with myself.

And I must say, I am often worsted.

## ATTILA

I would call Attila, on his little horse  
a man of peace.

For after all, he helped to smash a lot of old Roman lies,  
the lies, the treachery, the slippery cultured squalor of that sneaking court of Ravenna.

And after all, lying and base hypocrisy and treachery  
are much more hellishly peaceless than a little straightforward  
bloodshed  
which may occasionally be a preliminary to the peace that passes  
understanding.

So that I would call Attila, on his little horse  
a man of peace.

## SEA-WEED

Sea-weed sways and sways and swirls  
as if swaying were its form of stillness;  
and if it flushes against fierce rock  
it slips over it as shadows do, without hurting itself.

## LIZARD

A lizard ran out on a rock and looked up, listening  
no doubt to the sounding of the spheres.  
And what a dandy fellow! the right toss of a chin for you  
and swirl of a tail!

If men were as much men as lizards are lizards  
they'd be worth looking at.

## CENSORS

Censors are dead men  
set up to judge between life and death.  
For no live, sunny man would be a censor,  
he'd just laugh.

But censors, being dead men  
have a stern eye on life.  
—That thing's alive! It's dangerous. Make away with it!—  
And when the execution is performed  
you hear the stertorous, self-righteous heavy breathing of the dead  
men  
the censors, breathing with relief.

## NOVEMBER BY THE SEA—

Now in November nearer comes the sun  
down the abandoned heaven.

As the dark closes round him, he draws nearer  
as if for our company.

At the base of the lower brain  
the sun in me declines to his winter solstice  
and darts a few gold rays  
back to the old year's sun across the sea.

A few gold rays thickening down to red  
as the sun of my soul is setting  
setting fierce and undaunted, wintry  
but setting, setting behind the sounding sea between my ribs.

The wide sea wins, and the dark  
winter, and the great day-sun, and the sun in my soul  
sinks, sinks to setting and the winter solstice  
downward, they race in decline  
my sun, and the great gold sun.

## INSECT MUSICIANS AND OTHERS

BY YONE NOGUCHI

I AM besieged just now by a musical regiment of autumn insects, at my home not far from Tokyo. The crickets, bell-insects—that is to say, *calytoryphus marmoratus*, *homaeogryllus japonicus*—and others strike their instruments in all sorts of tune, high and low, sharp and flat. At my home, I think I may be the only listener to this nocturnal orchestra that nature plays, and I cannot help thanking God for this great privilege of living close to the ground. Two sides of my house open to a patch of land overgrown with weeds; perhaps this is the reason I enjoy a better orchestra of insect-musicians here than at the homes of my friends.

"Now I turn over. O crickets, step aside if you please!" Such is Issa's *hokku* poem, if I remember rightly, written one October night at his mountain home in Shinshu when he was besieged by autumn insects. Should I be aware at my home of a cricket singing behind a picture at the alcove, or by the transom window of a bedroom, this Lilliputian poem of Issa comes to my mind. Basho wrote a *hokku* verse at Genju-An, a hillside cottage near Ishiyama, meaning: "I have no treat to offer you except the fact that mosquitoes are small here." (*Waga yado wo ka-no chiisaki wo chiso kana.*) Then I should be glad to assume a poetical attitude as if to say: "Come to my home and listen to the music that insects play—that is my offering." In the past a Japanese poet, great or small, wrote about autumn insects and their music. There is no better season, in truth, to those of us who are in accord with nature, than the time in October when putting away all lights, we listen to the nocturnal orchestra of insects.

I wish now to speak of flowering plants. Except a large tree like crêpe myrtle of which I once wrote:

"Its trunk and branches, while looking like a leper's fingers or  
arms holding Koyasan's slope,  
Tremble with joy in its red soul drawn toward the sun,"

nearly all the flowering plants in autumn bloom close to the ground. I am not discussing here whether morning-glory belongs

to summer or autumn; but it seems that a better species of it begins from late August to early September. Whenever I speak of flowering plants in the fall, I must first point out a *hagi*-flower—to use the botanical name, *lespedeza*—the graceful form of which is so sinuous as not to spill dew-drops in the morning. I know that western people would take the majority of so-called “flowering seven grasses” only for weeds. Remembering how our Japanese poets in the past discovered their beauty, I cannot but be thankful for that poetical service. Otherwise we might say, like a foreigner, that these “seven grasses” in autumn are but weeds in Sunday clothes. What is the real work of the poet? My answer is short: “Discovering new beauty in nature.” How sharp and discriminating is the eyesight of our poets! They are not scientific chroniclers of a theory lying between the stars. They are modest, noticing but the little part of nature by their feet; small enough, but large enough when it tells them how to understand nature, and how to praise its beauty. As quantity, the world of their discovery would be insignificant; but who can doubt its spiritual value? Their discovery may be no more than a nameless flowering plant or fallen petal or trivial bird; we cannot ignore it, however, since there is in it a suggestion of the great universe. Their singing may be fragmentary and broken; the poets I revere could not compete with others in the matter of quantity. There is psychological value in the quality of things.

I thank Japanese poets of the past for giving me this little natural world, from which I am able to step into a larger world. The real poetry, whatever it be, is but a little gate of mystery through which we go into a world of Eternity complete and round. Once I wrote: “Between petals of flower there is a little invisible gate. We poets are a Tobinori-taro, accommodating himself to all circumstances, or a long-nosed goblin, a will-o'-the-wisp, in sudden appearance and disappearance.” Our Japanese poets, when they are best, are that long-nosed goblin or Tobinori-taro. I wrote also: “In poetry the revival of nature or, to use another word, reality, is not our purpose. When our power of adjustment with nature is perfect, our objectivity becomes settled, and our poetry free from photographic realism, a thing that is vulgar.” Entering the season of autumn, we find our objectivity losing its curiosity; and our poetry steadily rising to the high mark of its own spiritual worth. After all one is not an objective creature, but a subjective being.

Japanese poets in the past, it seems, could not think of autumn without a sense of sorrow. The greatest interpreter of autumn as a symbol of sorrow, was, as we know, the priest Saigyô who made it seem natural for us to look upon autumn with sorrow's tear. It is said that when Dante Gabriel Rossetti had painted a sickly-looking lady with long yellow hair, all the ladies of the time were, in look, affected by his lady in the picture. I myself have written many autumn poems from the angle of sorrow; but if autumn is the symbol of sorrow, that sorrow should be one which makes autumn still more beautiful and noble.

We must adjust and put in order what our ancestors thought and dreamed. Keats sings of grapes, apples, gourds, and hazelnuts, and of autumn as the season of fruition; we Japanese too have the phrase: "In autumn the sky is high and the horses become fat." There is nothing more delightful to see than nature's fruition; when nature becomes mellow and mature, her beauty is so decorative. If you doubt me, you have only to observe how chestnuts, meaty and reddish-brown, burst from the prickly burs. Look at a persimmon tree covered with golden balls! And see how a Siberian kite flies in the high sky, pretending to be an aeroplane.

I would praise autumn as the season of decorative beauty in nature; and again, as the season of fruition. In an essay entitled *The Art of the Little World*, I wrote: "Nature is made in accordance with a decorative plan, and is coloured accordingly. We have the special privilege of differentiating her beauty. When a Western critic speaks of Japanese art, he includes it in one word, decorative. I am not saying that he is wrong; but he is lacking, apparently, in discrimination. Not only in art but humanly this decorative beauty should be an evidence of personality, for we human beings are to be taken also as an art. We must do our best to appear decoratively." I know that I am in accord with nature, when I lose myself in her decorative beauty.

Dealing with autumn, artists like Korin or Hoitsu were always decorative; their work was not disfigured by so much as a touch of sentimental sorrow. They were, in this respect at least, international. My autumnal emotion often begins pessimistically; but I forget sadness as soon as I enter the psychological kingdom of subjectivity.

## FROM WHOSE BOURNE

BY ASHLEY SAMPSON

**H**OMESTEAD FARM might have been found within any five mile radius of Grantham district. The red brick outer wall, the strip of garden, the fixed changes of variegated hues which compressed the orchard into a coloured chess-board, and the vine-garden—fringed and bearded with bundles of grapes—could be observed within an easy walk of any district between Upton Grange and Fillicombe.

The Farm had been established by old Davenham's grandfather, and had been outhoused, terraced, and fielded by his father. Josiah Davenham had contributed a sparse collection of live stock—purchased during the Royal Derby Show—out of the nest-egg money which his sire had left swinging in an old stocking at the foot of his death bed; and had endowed Homestead with two daughters—Deborah and Fanny—who kept the House alive after their mother's death. Recently the Farm House had been converted into a boarding-house—Deborah's contrivance—but with indifferent success. Only one lodger stayed out the summer months—a sailor who had been driven on land for sick leave with a fractured arm; and his condition was restored by the time that harvest was ripe and ready.

He had come unostentatiously among them; and, although Deborah had generally found her favourite morsel among the summer's fill of guests—Dick Corbett had given and taken no word of extraordinary attention. She was equally oblivious of any sign which passed between the young stranger and her own sister. Fanny would fend for herself. Between one time and another Deborah would give room in her thoughts for reflection upon her own possible courtship and marriage; but the loves and hates of her friends and relatives were as completely apart from her own mind as those of the remotest stranger. Smaller than her sister—rounder of face and dark of hair—Fanny spent the first part of the morning in the backyard—peeling off long rings of potato skins into an upturned bucket which was rounded like a nest at her



feet among the cobblestones. This was her last morning task before Dick came up to help her with his warm smile and radiant voice; and even while she glanced expectantly to the house he came over to her on his great strides.

"The last day of this!" he exclaimed.

As he said the words he held open a larger and wider bucket than the one upturned at her feet, and into which she emptied the bundle of potato-peel.

"Good boy!" she said, out of a high laugh.

Dick always bore away the refuse of her handiwork for the pigs' early meal. Although not obliged to undertake any work during his stay with the Davenhams—intended as a rest-cure—the young man bore a noble share in the workaday life of the farm. At last Davenham and Deborah had grown to use him as an unwaged assistant—worth his weight in gold—and able to turn a ready hand to any job. Even Fanny herself almost ceased to acknowledge their debt to him; but a guess, nourished by a new hope, admitted her to the belief that his work was born of a keen enjoyment.

"Good boy!" she repeated. "And to-morrow we shall start in the corn fields."

"And then no more of this until when?"

His words were shaped as a question but she read into them their true meaning. Like all the boys from town and sea, Dick supposed that the harvest would stretch into the winter. Few men outside the country know how brief is the greatest of its seasons.

She said, "We shall be doing this job here again this time next week. You'll know a lot when you go back. Let's see how you managed the plough this morning?"

"Bother the plough. It's the corn for to-morrow that's got me now. Can't I help you then?"

"Sure—there'll be enough to keep all hands working; and a good deal more besides," said the girl cheerfully.

So Fanny would take her place among the harvesters with the light heart which she had feared would ache during this brief separation from the man who had brought the great change in her life. Dick could master anything to which he gave his mind; and she never feared that he would fail them in the corn fields once he had taken the step in that direction. She had not dared to admit, even to herself, that he was her lover—still less that

she was anything to him beyond a favourite companion; but his leave diminished every day and the mornings worked out in his presence were becoming more and more precious. The day that would snap their lives apart was already a question of moment.

So next morning with plans in their heads and hearts buoyed up by a silent inspiration they set out after the labourers towards the golden fields. As they kept to the ground which separated the farm from the fields the busy droning of the day out yonder came back to them. Voices of men and women were thrown gently over to one another—rising and falling evenly with the sweep of the scythe, the clatter of the plough, and the deep-set moaning of the threshing machine. As they came closer up against the increasing din they caught the sharp, clear accents of old Davenham echoed in tone and temper by the snapping articulations of his daughter Deborah.

"Fanny," said Dick, spurred on by the fact that few moments alone remained to them in that day, "would you ever come away from all this?"

He had never spoken her Christian name before.

"I've never thought about it," was all that she found to say.

The urgency of the situation had pressed the truth out of her. The direct appeal had given no time for her answer to be changed before it escaped her. His question had been the one answer for which her soul was waiting—the wide assurance of a pathway to his heart—of a gate that it was hers to open. The roundness and wholeness of the proposal had taken her by surprise. It was a confession which invited mercy rather than a question that demanded assurance for itself.

"Would you ever come with me?" he pursued.

Those last words broke the spell and gave her liberty for thought. They pressed for a solution that demanded time. The remainder of their days would be crowned by the fruits of this conversation bought, as it was, by the reckless impulse that had let a whole month's reserve of feeling escape in a single sentence. Fanny heard the answer leave her more as a chord struck out of her heart than as a conscious reply formed in the mind.

"I'd go with you, Dick—if you wanted me."

The moment she had pronounced the words she felt that all the handsome gaiety with which she had associated Dick enveloped her



like a voice. She had become the heart that beats and quivers at its centre. She felt his laugh around and above and within her. She was like the eye that dwelt in the heart's core of his personality—seeing all that it felt. In that instant she was conscious that she and he had dropped everything. Each clutched the other, and radiance enveloped her as their lips joined across the universes.

Suddenly they parted as the great heart of the threshing-machine, the core of the animated scene within the field, beat its way into their breasts and found in them its reply. To Fanny the place had become an enchanted wood to the service of which she dedicated her spirit. Men and women worked and moved amid the gold as pyramid after pyramid lifted its head—row behind row—under the blue lake of the sky.

Although the lovers worked side by side there was small opportunity for tasting the fruits of their hard-won words. For three days they endured the entire tenantry of Homestead Farm about their ears—with a pause for a few words snatched here and there which never took them up even so far as their first exchange of confidence. Then came a look of rain out of the sky, and Davenham told his men to shoulder their tools and shed their horses before the harvest was blasted by the hand of Heaven.

Throughout the next day a great rain descended upon the neighbourhood like a catastrophe—breaking and drenching everything beyond doors. Work-days were too precious to lose, so the men applied themselves to indoor tasks while the rain and the wind and the hail fell on all that remained in reach. They brought down gates and lifted the tops off the outer sheds, crushed and scattered the sheaves, and broke the backs of trees until evening. Then the hurricane slowed down to a storm which slackened into a shower that soon went out. The rain had had its say. A golden evening sun emerged and folded the drenched scenery. The meadows were fresh and shining—the roads were swollen to the gutters while the houses expanded in the desperate light like ghosts and phantoms rather than buildings of brick and stone.

The rumble of carts which bore the men back—weary but singing from their labours—soon filled the air. In that short bright interval which wedged its way between the day and the night all the day's noise seemed to be compressed. The thunder of the wagons on the road changed to a rattle and clatter as they crashed

heavily over the cobblestones. The tramp of men and of horses exploding presently in the farm-yard. At last the beasts were restored to their stalls, and the gigantic vehicles were rolled back into their places. Doors slammed, bolts were driven home, and footsteps diverged in all directions.

Fanny had laid out tea in the kitchen, for her father and sister and Dick. She observed these sounds only with that part of her senses which had moulded her to custom. The family would be in and hungry for their meal. That was the only message the echoes had for her—so she put the meal on the table as neatly and completely as if for the King and Queen. She had grown so used to hearing the approach of her father's steps first that those of her lover came as a surprise. Something he held up in his right hand answered the half-formed question which paused on her tongue. It was a square blue envelope which sent her with a cry to his side.

"Dick—you're going now?"

The memory of his departure had been so completely obscured by their new intercourse throughout the recent days that its sudden revival shattered all her hopes. He had revived her failing heart with a hint that he might take her with him, and she had nourished it upon this hope which now suddenly vanished into air. He gave the letter into her hands. She absorbed its contents, and handed it back.

"In three days!" she said.

His face brightened out of its gloom.

"It had to come."

"How long will you be gone?" she asked, hardly daring to risk the question.

Although she was still supported by the hope that he would take her with him, that hope was struck smaller and smaller by every word which he said. She could not come to the question itself. If he could not take her now he must come back for her.

"I don't suppose any one knows how long," he said. "But I'm coming back to you when I can."

"And you'll let me hear from you?" she pleaded.

"Whenever I possibly can."

"How long must I wait for you to come?" she asked finally.

The tears that he could hear gathering in her throat to the rescue of her breaking voice shook him at the core, but he endeavoured to allow no shadow of grief to pass over his countenance. "It may be from six months to two years. Can you wait?"

"Listen, Dick!" Fanny exclaimed, forcing his hands behind his back. "Must you go—at all?"

His gaze returned hers half incredulously and half—though it cost her the last grain of determination to admit it—amusedly.

"You don't know what you're saying."

"I know what I mean. Can't you leave your ship and be with us here? Think how glad Father would be of you. Before you came he was always crying out for a man with a head screwed on his shoulders. He was crazy about it then, and when you've gone he'll be calling out for one again. He'd keep you if I asked him and wouldn't quarrel a minute over terms. You're the man he wants."

She watched the expression of indulgent amusement on his face fade out.

"Not this time, Fanny," he said. "Perhaps next time I come back—it will be to stay. Give me your promise."

"What is the promise?" she asked.

"Promise me you'll wait for me, Fanny. You must promise me. I shall come back for you soon. Then no one shall part us again."

"Sure, Dick," she said bravely. "I'll wait right here for you."

He kissed her with all the passion in his body. Then they separated. Their ears caught the heavy beat of Josiah Davenham's tread on the pavement beyond the door. Then came a host of voices.

Three days later Dick Corbett went out of the life of Homestead Farm and many realized for the first time what he had meant to them. His ready help and open hand had left their impress on the thin air. He was talked of for a time. Then his spirit and his memory followed him out of sight.

Fanny desperately endeavoured to set a bold face to the winter months. Deborah was her good sister, and strove to fill the gap left in their world by the departure of the stalwart young stranger; but from him no word came back to the farm, and no message

lightened the daily task that had hardened now into a finished mould. Summer was overcome by autumn; autumn aged into winter; and when spring struggled forth, nothing was being said in Grantham Village of the young sailor.

Homestead Farm after three generations of hard labour was well set up, and provided for the two women who kept it when their father was no longer alive. Many were left of those who remembered Fanny's unrewarded lover; but they ceased to speak of him a long while before she ceased to wait for him.

## THE LUMBER YARD

BY ROBERT ALDEN SANBORN

Forest splinters,  
Split bones of trees  
That weighed upon by winters  
And the freeze of windy silences  
Are ripe at last, and bowed,  
And fallen at last, and loud the fall,  
And death to your slender sons;  
You are now the stuff for coffins,  
You are the ones of which we build our shelters  
And carve our bowling pins;  
Your crowns are rust, your limbs are severed,  
The dark rat squeaks and skelters in your dust,  
And he, the outcast, not the trim bird, sits at your head.

You have no boughs to trace the tune of wind,  
You are no more a giant crowd  
Or a vigilant tuft to shade the eagle's nest;  
Your needles burn no more and scent the heated air,  
No cloud your hair shall ever rest upon,  
You shall not thread the earth again with creeping roots.

Yet what is so sweet in death  
As lumber piled and wet with rain?



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST. BY MARIE LAURENCIN

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## GUIDO'S RELATIONS

BY EZRA POUND

THE critic, normally a bore and a nuisance, can justify his existence in one or more minor and subordinate ways: he may dig out and focus attention upon matter of interest that wd. otherwise have passed without notice; he may, in the rare cases when he has any really general knowledge or "perception of relations" (swift or other) locate his finds with regard to other literary inventions; he may, thirdly, or as you might say, conversely and as part and supplement of his first activity, construct cloacae to carry off the waste matter, which stagnates about the real work, and which is continuously being heaped up and caused to stagnate by academic bodies, obese publishing houses, and combinations of both, such as the Oxford Press. (We note their particular infamy in a recent re-issue of Palgrave.)

Since Dante's unfinished brochure on the common tongue Italy may have had no general literary criticism, the brochure is somewhat "special" and of interest mainly to practitioners of the art of writing. Lorenzo Valla somewhat altered the course of history by his close inspection of latin usage. His prefaces have here and there a burst of magnificence, and the spirit of the *Elegantiae* shd. benefit any writer's lungs. As he wrote about an ancient idiom, Italian and English writers alike have, when they have heard his name at all, supposed that he had no "message" and, in the case of the britons, they returned, we may suppose, to Pater's remarks on Pico. (Based on what the weary peruser of some few other parts of Pico's output, might pettishly denounce as Pico's one remarkable paragraph.)

The study called "comparative literature" was invented in Germany but has seldom if ever aspired to the study of "comparative values in letters."

The literature of the mediterranean races continued in a steady descending curve of renaissance-ism. There are minor upward fluctuations. The best period of Italian Poetry ends in the year 1321.



So far as I know one excellent Italian tennis-player and no known Italian writer has thought of considering the local literature in relation to rest of the world.

Leopardo read, and imitated Shakespear. The Prince of Monte Nevoso has been able to build his unique contemporary position because of barbarian contacts, whether consciously, and via visual stimulus from any printed pages, or simply because he was aware of, let us say, the existence of Wagner and Browning. Il Nostro Gabriele started something new in Italian. Hating barbarism, teutonism, never mentioning the existence of the ultimate Britons, unsurrounded by any sort of society or milieu, he ends as a solitary, superficially eccentric, but with a surprisingly sound standard of values, values, that is, as to the relative worth of a few perfect lines of writing, as contrasted to a great deal of flub-dub and "action."

The only living author who has ever taken a city or held up the diplomatic crapule at the point of machine-guns, he is in a position to speak with more authority than a batch of neurasthenic incompetents or of writers who never having swerved from their jobs, might be, or are, supposed by the scientists and the populace to be incapable of action. Like other serious characters who have taken 70 years to live and to learn to live, he has passed through periods wherein he lived (or wrote) we should not quite say "less ably," but with less immediately demonstrable result.

This period "nel mezzo," this passage of the "selva oscura" takes men in different ways, so different indeed that comparison is more likely to bring ridicule on the comparer than to focus attention on the analogy—often admittedly far-fetched.

In many cases the complete man makes a "very promising start," and then flounders or appears to flounder for ten years, or for twenty or thirty (cf. Henry James' middle period) to end, if he survive, with some sort of demonstration, discovery, or other justification of his having gone by the route he has (apparently) stumbled on.

When I "translated" Guido 18 years ago I did *not* see Guido at all. I saw that Rossetti had made a remarkable translation of the Vita Nuova, in some places improving (or at least enriching) the original; that he was indubitably the man "sent," or "chosen," for that particular job, and that there was something in Guido that escaped him or that was, at any rate, absent from



his translations. A robustezza, a masculinity. I had a great enthusiasm (perfectly justified) but I did not clearly see exterior demarcations—Euclid inside his cube, with no premonition of Cartesian axes.

My perception was not obfuscated by Guido's Italian, difficult as it then was for me to read. I was obfuscated by the victorian language.

If I hadn't been, I very possibly couldn't have done the job at all. I shd. have seen the too great multiplicity of problems contained in the one problem before me.

I don't mean that I didn't see dull spots in the sonnets. I saw that Rossetti had taken most of the best sonnets, that one couldn't make a complete edition of Guido simply by taking Rossetti's translations and filling in the gaps, it wd. have been too dreary a job. Even though I saw that Rossetti had made better english poems than I was likely to make by (in intention) sticking closer to the direction of the original. I began by meaning merely to give prose translation so that the reader ignorant of Italian could see what the melodic original meant. It is however an illusion to suppose that more than one person in every 300,000 has the patience or the intelligence to read a foreign tongue for its sound, or even to read what are known to be the masterworks of foreign-melody, in order to learn the qualities of that melody, or to see where one's own falls short.

What obfuscated me was not the Italian but the crust of dead english, the sediment present in my own available vocabulary—which I, let us hope, got rid of a few years later. You can't go round this sort of thing. It takes six or eight years to get educated in one's art, and another ten to get rid of that education.

Neither can any one learn english, one can only learn a series of englishes. Rossetti made his own language. I hadn't in 1910 made a language, I don't mean a language to use, but even a language to think in.

It is stupid to overlook the lingual inventions of precurent authors, even when they were fools or flapdoodles or Tennysons. It is sometimes advisable to sort out these languages and inventions, and to know what and why they are.

Keats, out of Elizabethans, Swinburne out of a larger set of Elizabethans and a mixed bag (greeks, und so weiter), Rossetti out of Sheets, Kelly, and Co. plus early Italians (written and

painted); and so forth, including "King Wenceslas," ballads and carols.

Let me not discourage a possible reader, or spoil any one's naïve enjoyment, by saying that my early versions of Guido are bogged in Dante Gabriel and in Algernon. It is true, but let us pass by it in silence. Where both Rossetti and I went off the rails was in taking an English sonnet as the equivalent for a sonnet in Italian. I don't mean in overlooking the mild difference in the rhyme scheme. The mistake is "quite natural," very few mistakes are "unnatural." Rime looks very important. Take the rimes off a good sonnet, and there is a vacuum. And besides the movement of *some* Italian sonnets *is* very like that in some sonnets in English. The feminine rhyme goes by the board . . . again for obvious reasons. It had gone by the board, quite often, in Provençal. The french made an ecclesiastical law about using it 50/50.

As a bad analogy, imagine a Giotto or Simone Martini fresco, "translated" into oils by "Sir Joshua," or Sir Frederick Leighton. Something is lost, something is somewhat denatured.

Suppose however we have a Cimabue done in oil, not by Holbein, but by some contemporary of Holbein who can't paint as well as Cimabue.

There are about seven reasons why the analogy is incorrect, and six more to suppose it inverted, but it may serve to free the reader's mind from preconceived notions about the english of "Elizabeth" and her british garden of song-birds. —And to consider language as a medium of expression.

(Breton forgives Flaubert on hearing that Father Gustave was trying only to give "l'impression de la couleur jaune" (Nadja, p. 12).

Dr Schelling has lectured about the Italianate Englishman of Shakespear's day. I find two Shakespear plots within ten pages of each other in a forgotten history of Bologna, printed in 1596. We have heard of the effects of the travelling Italian theatre companies, commedia dell'arte, etc. What happens when you idly attempt to translate early Italian into English, unclogged by the victorian era, freed from sonnet obsession, but trying merely to sing and to leave out the dull bits in the Italian, or the bits you don't understand?

I offer you a poem that "don't matter," it is attributed to Guido in codex, Barberiniano Lat. 3953. Alacci prints it as Guido's; Simone Occhi in 1740 says that Alacci is a fool or words to that effect and a careless man without principles, and proceeds to print the poem with those of Cino Pistoia. Whoever wrote it, it is, indubitably, not a capo lavoro.

Madonna la vostra belta enfolio  
 Si li mei ochi che menan lo core  
 A la bataglia ove l'ancise amore  
 Che del vostro placer armato uscio;

*mss. ogbi*

*usio*

Si che nel primo asalto che asalio  
 Passo dentro la mente e fa signore,  
 E prese l'alma che fuzia di fore  
 Planzendo di dolor che vi sentio.

Però vedete che vostra beltate  
 Mosse la folia und e il cor morto  
 Et a me ne convien clamar pietate,

Non per campar, ma per aver conforto  
 Ne la morte crudel che far min fate  
 Et o rason sel non vinzesse il torto.

Is it worth an editor's while to include it among dubious attributions? It is not very attractive: until one starts playing with the simplest english equivalent.

*Lady thy beauty doth so mad mine eyes,  
 Driving my heart to strife wherein he dies.*

Sing it of course, don't try to speak it. It thoroughly falsifies the movement of the Italian, it is an opening quite good enough for Herrick or Campion. It will help you to understand just why Herrick, and Campion, and possibly Donne are still with us.

The next line is rather a cliché; the line after more or less lacking in interest. We pull up on:

*Whereby thou seest how fair thy beauty is  
To compass doom.*

That wd. be very nice, but it is hardly translation.

Take these scraps, and the almost impossible conclusion, a tag of provençal rhythm, and make them into a plenum. It will help you to understand some of M de Schloezer's remarks about Stravinsky's trend toward melody. And you will also see what the best Elizabethan lyricists did, as well as what they didn't.

My two lines take the opening and 2 and 1/2 of the Italian, english more concise; and the octavo gets too light for the sestet. Lighten the sestet.

*So unto Pity must I cry  
Not for safety, but to die.  
Cruel Death is now mine ease  
If that he thine envoy is.*

We are preserving one value of early Italian work, the cantabile; and we are losing another, that is the specific weight. And if we notice it we fall on a root difference between early Italian "The philosophic school coming out of Bologna," and the Elizabethan lyric. For in these two couplets, and in attacking this sonnet, I have let go the fervour and the intensity, which were all I, rather blindly, had to carry through my attempt of 20 years gone.

And I think that if any one now lay; or if we assume that they mostly *then* (in the expansive days) laid, aside care for specific statement of emotion, a dogmatic statement, made with the seriousness of someone to whom it mattered whether he had three souls, one in the head, one in the heart, one possibly in his abdomen, or lungs, or wherever Plato, or Galen had located it; if the anima is still breath, if the stopped heart is a dead heart, and if it is all serious, much more serious than it wd. have been to Herrick, the imaginary investigator will see more or less how the Elizabethan modes came into being.

Let him try it for himself, on any Tuscan author of that time, taking the words, not thinking greatly of their significance, not balking at clichés, but being greatly intent on the melody, on the single uninterrupted flow of syllables—as open as possible,

that can be sung prettily, that are not very interesting if spoken, that don't even work into a period or an even metre if spoken.

And the mastery, a minor mastery, will lie in keeping this line unbroken, as unbroken in sound as a line in one of Miro's latest drawings is on paper; and giving it perfect balance, with no breaks, no bits sticking ineptly out, and no losses to the force of individual phrases.

*Whereby thou seest how fair thy beauty is  
To compass doom.*

Very possibly too regularly "iambic" to fit in the finished poem.

There is opposition, not only between what M de Schloezer distinguishes as musical and poetic lyricism, but in the writing itself there is a distinction between poetic lyricism, the emotional force of the verbal movement, and melopoeic lyricism, the letting the words flow on a melodic current, realized or not, realizable or not, if the line is supposed to be sung on a sequence of notes of different pitch.

But by taking these Italian sonnets, which are not metrically the equivalent of the English sonnet, by sacrificing, or losing, or simply not feeling and understanding their cogency, their sobriety, and by seeking simply that far from quickly or so-easily-as-it-looks attainable thing, the perfect melody, careless of exactitude of idea, or careless as to which profound and fundamental idea you, at that moment, utter, perhaps in precise enough phrases, by cutting away the apparently non-functioning phrases (whose appearance deceives) you find yourself in the English seicento song-books.

Death has become melodious; sorrow is as serious as the night-ingle's, tomb-stones are shelves for the reception of rose-leaves. And there is, quite often, a Mozartian perfection of melody, a wisdom, almost perhaps an ultimate wisdom, deplorably lacking in guts. My phrase is, shall we say, vulgar. Exactly, because it fails in precision. Guts in surgery refers to a very limited range of internal furnishings. A thirteenth-century exactitude in search for the exact organ best illustrating the lack, wd. have saved me that plunge. We must turn again to the latins. When the late T. Roosevelt was interviewed in France on his return from the jungle, he used a phrase which was translated (the publication of

the interview rather annoyed him). The french at the point I mention ran: *Ils ont voulu me briser les reins, mais je les ai solides.*

And now the reader may, if he like, return to the problem of the "eyes that lead the heart to battle where him love kills." This was not felt as an inversion. It was 1280, Italian was still in the state that German is to-day. How can you have "PROSE" in a country where the chambermaid comes into your room and exclaims: "*Schön ist das Hemd!*"

Continue: "who armed with thy delight, is come forth so that at the first assault he assails, he passes inward to the mind, and lodges it there, and catches the breath (soul) that was fleeing, lamenting the grief I feel.

"Whereby thou seest how thy beauty moves the madness, whence is the heart dead (stopped) and I must cry on Pity, not to be saved but to have ease of the cruel death thou puttest on me. And I am right (. ? .) save the wrong him conquereth."

Whether the reader will accept this little problem in melopoeia as substitute for the cross-word puzzle I am unable to predict. I leave it on the supposition that the philosopher shd. try almost everything once.

As second exercise, we may try the sonnet by Guido Orlando which is supposed to have invited Cavalcanti's *Donna mi Prega*.<sup>1</sup>

Say what is Love, whence doth he start	?
Through what be his courses bent	?
Memory, substance, accident	?
A chance of eye or will of heart	?

Whence he state or madness leadeth	?
Burns he with consuming pain	?
Tell me, friend, on what he feedeth	?
How, where, and o'er whom doth he reign	?

Say what is Love, hath he a face	?
True form or vain similitude	?
Is the Love life, or is he death	?

Thou shouldst know for rumour saith:  
 Servant should know his master's mood—  
 Oft art thou ta'en in his dwelling-place.

<sup>1</sup> See THE DIAL, July, 1928.



I give the Italian to show that there is no deception, I have invented nothing, I have given a *verbal* weight about equal to that of the original, and arrived at this equality by dropping a couple of syllables per line. The great past-master of pastiche has, it might seem, passed this way before me. A line or two of this, a few more from Lorenzo Medici, and he has concocted one of the finest gems in our language.

Onde si move e donde nasce Amore  
qual è suo proprio luogo, ov'ei dimora?  
Sustanza, o accidente, o ei memora?  
E cagion d'occhi, o è voler di cuore?

Da che procede suo stato o furore?  
Come fuoco si sente che divora?  
Di che si nutre domand' io ancora,  
Come, e quando, e di cui si fa signore?

Che cosa è, dico, amor? ae figura?  
A per se forma o pur somiglia altrui?  
E vita questo amore ovvero e morte?

Chi 'l serve dee saver di sua natura:  
Io ne domando voi, Guido, di lui:  
Odo che molto usate in la sua corte.

We are not in a realm of proofs, I suggest, simply, the way in which early Italian poetry has been utilized in England. The Italian of Petrarch and his successors is of no interest to the practising writer or to the student of comparative dynamics in language, the collectors of bric-à-brac are outside our domain.

There is no question of giving Guido in an English contemporary to himself, the ultimate Britons were at that date unbreeched, painted in woad, and grunting in an idiom far more difficult for us to master than the *Langue d'Oc* of the Plantagenets or the *Lingua di Si*.

If however we reach back to pre-Elizabethan English, of a period when the writers were still intent on clarity and explicitness, still preferring them to magniloquence and the thundering phrase, our trial, or mine at least, results in:

Who is she that comes, makying turn every man's eye  
 And makying the air to tremble with a bright clearenesse  
 That leadeth with her Love, in such nearness  
 No man may proffer of speech more than a sigh?

Ah God, what she is like when her owne eye turneth, is  
 Fit for Amor to speake, for, I can not at all;  
 Such is her modesty, I would call  
 Every woman else but an useless uneasiness.

No one could ever tell all of her pleasauntness  
 In that every high noble vertu leaneth to herward,  
 So Beauty sheweth her forth as her Godhede;

Never before so high was our mind led,  
 Nor have we so much of heal as will afford  
 That our mind may take her immediate in its embrace.

The objections to such a method are: the doubt as to whether one has the right to take a serious poem and turn it into a mere exercise in quaintness; the "misrepresentation" not of the poem's antiquity, but of the proportionate feel of that antiquity, by which I mean that Guido's 13th-century language is to 20th-century Italian sense much less archaic than any 14th, 15th, or early 16th-century english is for us. It is even doubtful whether my bungling version of 20 years back isn't more "faithful," in the sense at least that it tried to preserve the fervour of the original. And as this fervour simply does not occur in English poetry in those centuries there is no ready-made verbal pigment for its objectification.

In the long run the translator is in all probability impotent to do *all* of the work for the linguistically lazy reader. He can show where the treasure lies, he can guide the reader in choice of what tongue is to be studied, and he can very materially assist the hurried student who has a smattering of a language and the energy to read the original text alongside the metrical gloze.

This refers to "interpretive translation." The "other sort," I mean in cases where the "translator" is definitely making a new poem, falls simply in the domain of original writing, or if it does not it must be censured according to equal standards, and praised with some sort of just deduction, assessable only in the particular case.



## TWO PRELUDES

BY CONRAD AIKEN

### I

Dead man: dead brother: sad mouth stopped with clay:  
Reed for the rice-bird's wing, shade for the fly:  
This thousand years dissolved, yet living still,  
Here standing, in this clay, which your hand fashioned;  
Here brooding, thinking, giving, in this room:

Dead heart: dead brain: sad spirit lost in weather:  
Blown to the southwest in a rattle of leaves,  
Cracked under foot, and all, all gone together:  
Yet here still standing, by this mirror, facing  
Whoever sees this porcelain girl,—this figure  
Devout, serene, where now I meet your soul:

Dead hand, you touched the heart of time, you knew  
Whispers of silence, the mute path of God;  
Hot chaos knew, with its rank arteries,  
And anguish, with its blood. You heard the ticking  
Of bruised minutes from the wall of night,  
Suspuration of stars, the bitter cry  
Of atoms grooved in orbit. You were living:  
Sunlight had packed your heart. Living, were dead:  
Darkness had packed your thought. You knew desire:  
Love had gilded the moonlight on your eyes.

And now,—all gone, all gone; except this figure,—  
This porcelain girl,—whose head is bowed, whose hands  
Await a service, and whose heart is meek . . .  
If there are gods inhabiting in chaos:  
If there is justice, or a tithe of justice:  
See that the mind that dreamed this thing be safe.

## TWO PRELUDES

## II

So, in the evening, to the simple cloister:  
This place of boughs, where sounds of water, softly,  
Lap on the stones. And this is what you are:  
Here, in this dusty room, to which you climb  
By four steep flights of stairs. The door is closed:  
The furies of the city howl behind you:  
The last bell plunges rock-like to the sea:  
The horns of taxis wail in vain. You come  
Once more, at evening, to this simple cloister;  
Hushed by the quiet walls, you stand at peace.

What ferns of thought are these, the cool and green,  
Dripping with moisture, that festoon these walls?  
What water-lights are these, whose pallid rings  
Dance with the leaves, or speckle the pale stones?  
What spring is this, that bubbles the cold sand,  
Urging the sluggish grains of white and gold? . . .  
Peace. The delicious silence throngs with ghosts  
Of winged sound and shadow. These are you.

Now in the evening, in the simple cloister,  
You stand and wait; you stand and listen, waiting  
For winged sounds and winged silences,  
And long-remembered shadows. Here the rock  
Lets down its vine of many-coloured flowers:  
Waiting for you, or waiting for the lizard  
To move his lifted claw, or shift his eye  
Quick as a jewel. Here the lizard waits  
For the slow snake to slide among cold leaves.  
And, on the bough that arches the deep pool,  
Lapped in a sound of water, the brown thrush  
Waits, too, and listens, till his silence makes  
Silence as deep as song. And time becomes  
A timeless crystal, an eternity,  
In which the gone and coming are at peace.

What bird is this, whose silence fills the trees  
With rich delight? What leaves and boughs are these,

What lizard, and what snake? . . . The bird is gone:  
And while you wait, another comes and goes,—  
Another and another; yet your eye,  
Although it has not moved, can scarcely say  
If birds have come and gone,—so quick, so brief,—  
Or if the thrush who waits there is the same . . .  
The snake and lizard change, yet are the same:  
The flowers, many-coloured, on the vine,  
Open and close their multitude of stars,—  
Yet are the same . . . And all these things are you.

Thus, in the evening, in the simple cloister,  
Eternity adds ring to ring, the darker  
Beyond the brighter; and your silence fills  
With such a world of worlds,—so still, so deep,—  
As never voice could speak, whether it were  
The ocean's or the bird's. The night comes on:  
You wait and listen, in the darkened room,  
To all these ghosts of change. And they are you.

## A SAILOR

BY GODFREY DE BERNIÈRE

ONE can never tell, thought I to myself, what one's métier really is. I had fancied myself an aesthete, a poet or painter, at least an artist of some kind, and here I was sitting on "the poop deck," member of a ship's crew, second-class steward—to sail for Germany in a couple of days.

I leaned over the rail and saw the mirrored reflection of my white-duck petty officer's cap, the blue and gold device above the black visor broken up by rings and changing ripples. And the funny part of it was, though many of my literary friends had questioned my ability as an artist or writer, I seemed as a matter of course to be taken as a sailor by the entire staff. Even the doctor had said to me, kindly, "Well, d'you feel sea-going this morning?" Narcissus-like as I looked at my reflection, I had to admit that no frail Shelley-like soul was gazing up at me; but rather, the Ancient Mariner.

I heard the sustained bass roar of a whistle and a Dutch liner, black hull and three large orange stacks, glided by our stern, cutting the translucent silver of the bay. The lilac towers of the city seemed dwarfed by comparison; or was it merely the glamour of the sea?

"Well kid, how do you like it?" I looked up and saw Burt smiling under his straight brows and shock of chestnut hair. "Oh, pretty good, I guess," I replied, "but to tell the truth, I think I am more at home in a stained glass shop than I am on the good ship *Bellerophon*."

"I thought so too, on my first cruise. Thought I'd rather be 'back stage' than in that darned old galley—but it don't make much difference I says to myself—one has to be an actor out here the same as on the stage."

With querulous cries a bevy of gulls circled round and round as the cook flung bits of meat to them, long-winged, narrow-bodied birds, their yellow beaks and feet in flashing contrast with their black-spotted silver-and-blue wings—homeless birds like myself, I thought.

As it came toward us from Hoboken, a freshening breeze strong with the smell of the sea was making the sunlit water dance. But our enjoyment was rudely broken by the first mate.

"What d'ye think y'are?—ornaments on this here ship?"

My dreams of Art! By what strange magic had Poseidon drawn me from Apollo and the groves of the Muses?

For six days in a thick fog, the ship was rolling on a rough sea, from the time we saw the towers of Manhattan recede till the sun came out at Southampton and we were watching the Merchant Marine of the World parade single file, ship after ship, and I had seen the green slopes of the Isle of Wight appear through the mist, and then the level wooded shores of England.

But there is nothing to tell. I had seen little of Burt. I got leave in England and went back to the Bellerophon on her return from Germany, four days after I got to Southampton. Burt welcomed me with his usual warm smile, but there was a shadow in it, even when he laughed. "Well, Stained Glass," he asked, "did you find them winders in Winchester you was lookin' fer?—you know, King Arthur and the Round Table and all them guys?"

I said my stay had been most disappointing; I had been ill most of the time, had not seen the cathedral, and was glad to be back on the ship. This amazed Burt.

When we had shoved off, the Atlantic was like a calm blue lake. Our return voyage was very different from the morose trip over, yet I seemed to feel treachery in the sea. There was something sinister about her. *She was waiting.*

The fourth morning out, a Sunday, just after Mass, I was again sitting on the poop deck. The ocean was a veritable mer de glace, over which the Bellerophon moved like a greyhound, with the engine sending a slight shudder through her gigantic frame. Having done my bit of shining brass and sweeping for the day, I was composing a sonnet, something about sea-horses, Nereids, or Tritons.

Suddenly three terrific whistles were blown one after the other. The ship lurched to starboard and began to describe a semi-circle, as the cry of man over-board went up from passengers and crew. We had run a mile before the Bellerophon could be stopped. Some officers on the bridge still kept their glasses trained on the spot where they had seen the slim white body go down. No use to put out a life-boat they said; we had gone too far.

I asked one of the crew who it was and he said, "Hit was that nice young kid in the galley they called Burt. He had just finished sweeping out the galley when he sings out, 'Well here's looking at you boys,' and he slides down the runway head first, out of the galley port before one of us could say Jack Robinson."

I could not realize that we were to have no more long talks under the stars on the poop deck. Yes, the sea had taken Burt, and somehow I knew it was not being disappointed in love that had done it—though the toughest of the crew had noticed that he had been "mooning about his work" lately. I knew it was something else; he was disappointed in life, not just love. He had failed in what he had expected of himself; he had had ambition for the stage, and rather than not realize his dream, had preferred the sea should take him.

He used to say "She'll get us all sooner or later, Stained Glass. Might as well count on that." And how about myself? I had been jilted by three arts, I had been a singer, I knew that I was a writer, and also something of a painter. The arts would not have me, but why be a thrall to the sea? There she was, encircling the ship, mocking, and tossing her million tints, while under them lurked the scaly hosts—horrible to think about. I gripped the arms of my chair.

"Full fathom five thy father lies  
Those were pearls that were his eyes."

I would never look into his eyes again. I knew now what the Greeks meant when they spoke of the song of the Sirens—why Ulysses had had himself bound to the mast.



A WATER-COLOUR. BY JULES PASCIN



**M**

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## A FOOTNOTE ON Æ

BY CLAUDE BRAGDON

MY CONTACTS with Æ have not been such as would entitle me to write about him, save for the fact that on the one occasion when we really met, he so revealed himself—not, I hasten to add, through any power of mine to precipitate confidences, but because he is one of those rare persons who are great enough and simple enough to *live openly*. Everything he does is self-revelatory: his paintings are the report of his clairvoyance, his poems are records of his flashes of insight, deep memories and cosmic dreams; in his critical and editorial writing the workings of his mind may be seen as through a glass, but not “darkly”; and his lectures are reveries which he permits his auditors to share.

My early contacts with Æ were nebulous and indirect; a mutual friend, a beautiful Irishwoman living in Toronto, had among her prized possessions a drawing of a *deva* which Æ had given her, the graphic record of a thing seen, not imagined, he had said. The face was like that of a Burne-Jones angel, but less anæmic—the androgynous type; the head was covered with a growth of strange, flamboyant feathers, sweeping backward from the forehead like the tail of a comet; no wings were visible, for wings are made to beat the air with, and therefore things of this three-dimensional section of the world. Later, I found two more of his paintings in the house of another friend in Buffalo, New York, and again I seemed to draw near to a nature which had known moments of vision of an intensity sufficient to make report of them after this fashion—

“For he on honeydew hath fed  
And sipped the milk of paradise.”

Along with several hundred others, I saw the man himself for the first time at the Poetry Society's dinner in his honour—a large, shaggy man who beamed beneficently through his spectacles; it was not difficult to believe that he was the most loved man in Ireland, as we were assured by each of the speakers in turn. Even Ernest Boyd, the super-cynic, who introduced him, purred happily on this occasion, putting his claws out only once, and then in playfulness.

This was when he accused Æ—who abhors cynicism—of being the author of the supremely cynical remark that the Irish literary movement was made up, for the most part, of men who hated one another. Æ's speech proved a delight to those who were near enough to hear it; the effect was of a low voiced, but exquisitely uttered reverie embroidered with that witty and rich imagery which is Erin's gift to her poet-sons—"Yeats always lights his cigarettes from the stars" is an example of this delightful quality.

After the ritual of the dinner had run its course we were introduced to one another, but under the circumstances this amounted to no more than shaking hands with the President at a White House reception, for the crowd was large, and the confusion correspondingly great. A few days later, however, through the kindness of a woman friend, I was enabled to meet Æ under conditions favourable to conversation, and we talked of "matters of great pith and moment" pertaining to the inner life.

The thing which impressed me first about him was a certain fine modesty which took the form of self-depreciation. To praise of his pictures he replied, "But I never learned to draw properly, I had no right instruction," and to praise of his lectures, "I'm not used to these big audiences, it seems I don't make myself heard." The second thing which struck me was his rare simplicity of manner; among the six or seven people gathered that afternoon to do him honour, he was acquainted with only one—or at most two—but he treated us all as though he had known us always, and the talk was intimate, as it is among friends.

Of what he told us I shall here repeat only so much as I believe he would not mind my sharing. One story, aside from its intrinsic interest, gives a hint of the possible derivation of his pseudonym, Æ. He said that when he was a boy he was just like other boys, was interested in the same things, and read the same boys' stories, except that he seemed to have a more vivid imagination, for he was always telling himself wonderful stories of gods and demi-gods, and miraculous happenings in some Valhalla, and to these characters he assigned names. He had no other idea but that he invented these stories, and these names. But one day while waiting at the desk of the village library for the librarian to bring him a story-book, he happened to glance at the open page of a book that was lying there, and his eye encountered the word "Aeon." He declared that his surprise and excitement were so great that he left the library empty-handed and walked about the streets for two hours before he

could muster up sufficient calmness and courage to ask the librarian what book it was, and if he might look at it. For the name Aeon was one which he had given to the hero of one of his own stories, a name which he regarded as peculiarly his own, or of his own invention, and it was upsetting to discover that such was plainly not the case. The book proved to be a treatise on Gnostic religion and cosmogony and in it, to his utter amazement, he found recorded, in a mass of legendary lore, those very stories which he thought he had invented—even the names of the characters were the same. This forced him to the conclusion that either his imaginings were recovered memories of things learned or experienced in some antecedent life, or that in some inexplicable manner he had "tapped" so to speak, the memory of nature—turned over the leaves of some invisible fourth-dimensional photograph-album containing pictures of the past, or thoughts about the past. In *The Candle of Vision* Æ refers to the above narrated experience in the following words: "I have glanced in passing at a book left open by someone in a library and the words first seen thrilled me, for they confirmed a knowledge lately attained in vision."

The Gaelic Renaissance, he informed us, was the outgrowth of the theosophical movement in Ireland in that its prime-movers were most of them theosophists. This is implicit also in William Butler Yeats' reminiscences, himself a pupil of Madame Blavatsky, and a dabbler in occult arts. Æ told us of that strange household in Dublin to which Yeats refers, the chief interest of whose members was the study of theosophy, the practice of ritualistic magic, and the development of the higher powers of the self. Though they all had their living to earn, according to Æ they devoted their spare time with great ardour to these pursuits. Their studies and experiments were directed and aided by a mysterious teacher, adept in these arts, though he was forced to leave Ireland, for political reasons, after a sojourn of less than a year.

Æ declared that extraordinary results were sometimes obtained by group meditation under this teacher, and that with his aid some of them were enabled to recover scenes and episodes from some dark backward and abysm of time in which it appeared they had been together as celebrants of ancient religious rites—they were able to see the streets of some old city, and a stone-lined chamber, entered through a metal door. Not all of them were thus clairvoyant; some merely "sensed" what was going on, as the blind sense things, while others had only *moments* of vision. The success

of the results of group meditation was conditioned by the degree of harmony prevailing among the members, and this harmony was the most difficult thing to achieve and maintain for in sex some were antipodal and all were Irish!

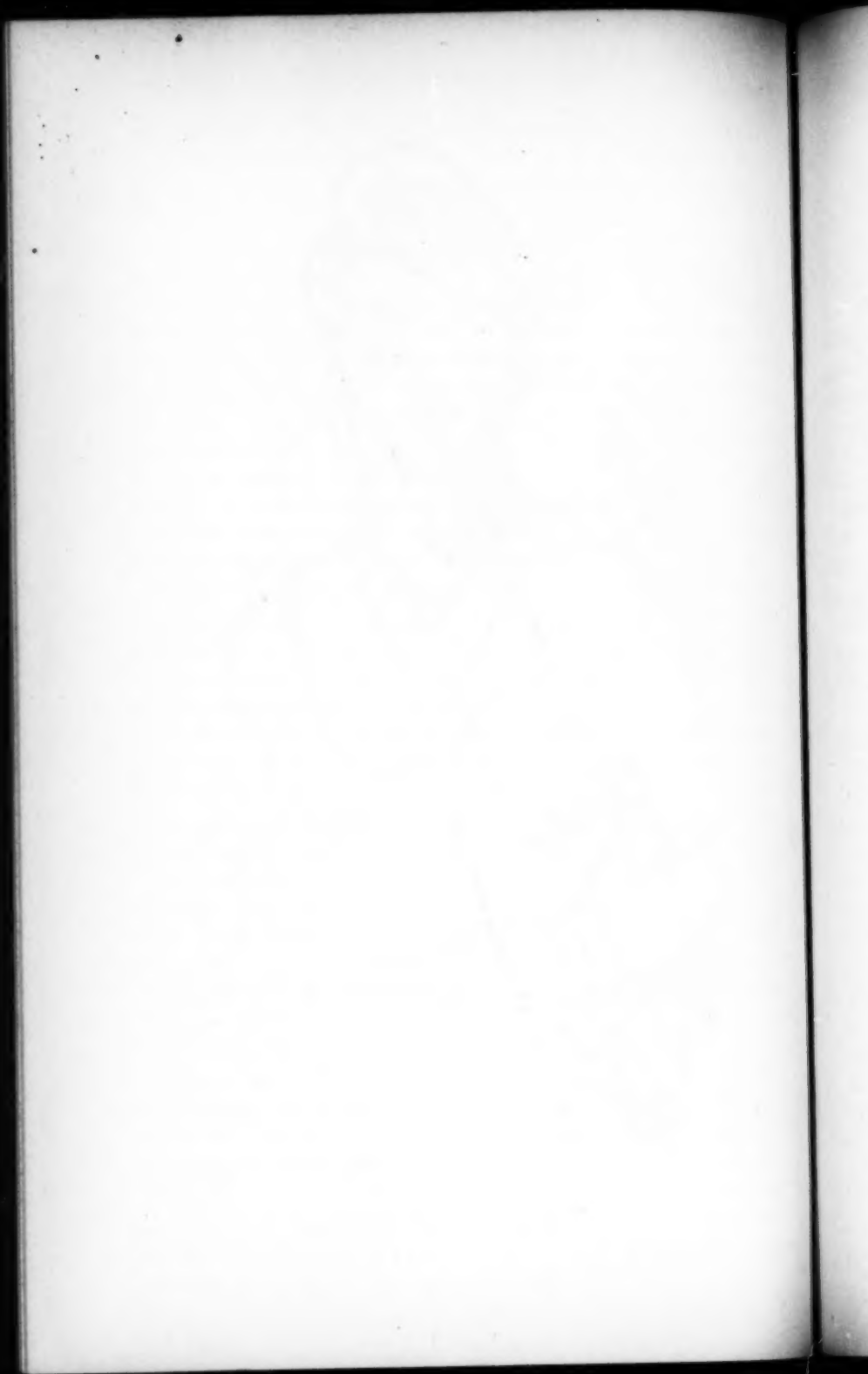
Æ told of a strange thing which happened to him once in connexion with his painting: he had a great admiration of the landscapes of Corot, and wanted mightily to know by what technical process he achieved the soft lambency of his grey and turquoise skies. While standing one day in front of one of Corot's canvases filled with such thoughts and such desires, the picture seemed slowly to expand before his eyes, in both dimensions, with the effect that every brush-stroke, the very texture of the canvas itself became visible as under a microscope, revealing to him Corot's painting method, as no description could. The next morning, Æ affirms, he painted a Corot quite in the Corot manner, far more successfully than he could otherwise have done.

Æ expressed himself as much pleased with America and the Americans he had met, although the social wave so overwhelmed him that for the first time in his life he failed to remember everyone. The skyscrapers of course amazed him, and it was difficult for him to comprehend the power which sent these giant growths skyward, and created the torrent of life which flowed through the canyons at their base. It seemed to him that if he could sit quietly down in the midst of this hurly-burly in the presence of these monsters of the market, and meditate upon them, some revelation might perhaps be vouchsafed, but this was a desire the gratification of which, from considerations of mere safety, he found it necessary to deny himself. The picture has often haunted my imagination, of this great bearded, burly, yet curiously child-like man seated, at the rush hour, on the curb where Fifth Avenue crosses Forty-Second Street, oblivious of everyone, intent only upon those cloud-piercing steel and stone Valhallas, searching his inner consciousness for their Word of Power.

The excuse and justification of this so slight and brief and personal memoir of Æ I cull from something he himself has written, for in *The Candle of Vision* he says, "If I tell what I know, and how I came to see most clearly, I may give hope to those who would fain believe in that world the seers spake of, but who cannot understand the language written by those who had seen that beauty of old, or who may have thought the ancient scriptures but a record of extravagant desires."



GIRL'S HEAD. BY CARL SPRINCHORN





## THE TRESPASSING WILLOW

BY ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

When first our chimney  
    Warmed the swallow,  
Our neighbour planted  
    A weeping willow—  
A switch not big  
    Enough to gird  
Itself from the wind  
    Or to cherish a bird.

By the time our boy  
    Was two years tall  
It was choking the pinks  
    On our blossomy wall:  
We couldn't abide its  
    Trespassing fancies  
And sheared off its  
    Melancholy branches.

You came, reticent,  
    Back from war  
And found it had laid  
    An arm on our door.  
We said, "You tree!  
    Why stretch so wide?  
Why can't you stay  
    On your own side?"

We danced "Three Meet"  
    And "Haste to the Wedding"—  
Its leaves at our feet  
    Were shedding, shedding.  
Now I lie alone  
    On an icy pillow;  
Close to my head  
    Soughs the comforting willow.

## THE UKIAH BIG-TIME

BY KATHERINE GORRINGE

**T**HE Rancheria is crowded with Indians. The air is hot and full of dust. Dogs slink around. Horses drinking at the trough keep kicking at each other and squealing. People are lying about under the trees, saying how hot it is. Every few minutes another car with Indians drives in—some from far away—everybody ready for a lot of fun. As the sun sinks toward the hills and it's cooler, those who have been there all day drift down to the Dance-house. The old men sit in the shadow of the wall and talk, pleased because the old-time customs are being carried out. By the cook-fire the women are making supper: the old ones sweep around in the dust with their long, full, calico skirts; some of them with handkerchiefs over their heads. The young ones look very pert with their painted faces and short, tight dresses. The men joke a great deal; and everybody teases the man who makes the best shell beads.

It is rumoured that the Upper Lake people have come and are going to dance their way into the Dance-house. That is according to custom and the way it should be done. The chief of the Rancheria says "Yes, the Upper Lake people are down the road now, dressing." Everyone gathers around the door of the Dance-house. The old people are pleased—the young ones snicker a bit at this old-fashioned business. After a long time there is a shout. The Ukiah chief answers it. The Upper Lake people begin their song and come very slowly around the bend in the road, pausing and halting, according to the dance. When they are near, everyone goes into the Dance-house to wait for them. As they reach the door they shout and the people in the house shout. Then one by one they dance in backward—the men first, doing a difficult hopping-step, the women after them, with quick side-to-side body-swings. Inside, the musicians are singing the visitors' song. The

NOTE: Big-Time is the name given by the California (Pomo) Indians to their meetings, political or social.

sunlight comes in straight lines through the cracks in the wall. The heat makes everyone sweat. The dancers have on their feather costumes. Each man has on his head a net filled with white down, at the nape of the neck a bunch of feathers with six arrows in it, and round the forehead a band of orange and black quills that waves stiffly at the sides. Some are wearing around the neck strings of white clam-shell beads with abalone pendants. A feather apron tied around the waist hangs down to the heels behind. The chin and lower lips are painted black. The women have a black line painted down from either side of the mouth and a horizontal line across the chin. They wear an elaborate head-dress of quills and beads, drooping stiffly over the eyes. They hold, stretched out in front, a handkerchief or piece of cloth. The dance ends; there are cheers; and they all go out to dinner, down by the cook-fire. They stand at the long tables and eat good meat and potatoes—all but the "fire-eaters" who performed the night before and, according to custom, may not eat anything fat for several days. Up at the chief's house there is acorn mush for them.

When it gets dark, the fire is started in the Dance-house. People have already picked out their places along the wall and spread their blankets. The Dance-house is round with the fire in the middle. However big the fire, it's always shadowy against the wall, where the roof slopes down. Indians have come from all over California for the Big-Time. There is a good deal of joking, in many languages. The people from ten miles away can't understand the language of the people on the Rancheria—they are speaking Spanish and English to each other. The man who "keeps the fire" must endure a great many jokes. More and more Indians crowd in. A few white people come and sit down near the fire. The singers try their songs over, very low, with clapsticks and drum. Behind them the dancers are dressing. Suddenly the man who "holds the rock," the leader of the singers, gives a shout and the dance begins. It's a Big-Head dance and there are only two dancers. It's a hard one to do and only the old people know it. One of the men is over seventy. At first the dancers are shy and things don't go very well; but in the pauses of the dance everyone shouts "Good! All right!" in as many languages as the person knows. One of the men is stripped to the waist and his dark wet

body shines in the fire-light. The dance is very long and gets better and better. At the end there is wild applause. A collection is taken up. The chief explains that always in the old days people gave beads and valuable things to the dancers.

During the long pause between the dances, the music from the nickel dance-pavilion, down by the cook-fire, sounds loud and inviting. All the young people are dancing to the latest jazz. Some of the old people go out to watch them. Inside the Dance-house the fire burns to embers and the loud talking dies away. The stars shine through the slits and through the smoke-hole in the roof. The white people get impatient waiting for something to happen and go out to the dance-pavilion. The cold night air comes in through the walls—the house is old and full of cracks. The jazz stops for a moment and far away on the hills a coyote howls. . . .

The sharp rattle of the clapsticks rouses everyone. A Ho! Ho! dance is beginning. The women stand in a line by the singers. Their feet don't move, their bodies just swing from side to side in a quick, quiet rhythm. Their hands hold out a piece of cloth. The dance goes on through its careful repetitions. The man who "holds the rock" feels his responsibility. If he doesn't keep his mind on what he's doing, everything will go wrong. He tells afterward what a hard thing it is to "hold the rock"—what a strain on the mind.

One of the head men introduces a singer from way up north. His people have sent him to Ukiah to sing. He is famous—a big singer. He tells about his people's way of doctoring and sings some medicine songs. He squats on the ground and his head sways with the rhythm. His voice is high and flexible. The song is interspersed with high, sharp yelps and has a shaky tone that only the best singers can make. At the end of each song his voice quavers down in a long shaking sigh and his head droops nearly to the ground. The people like this queer kind of singing. He's had to work hard to make his voice do some of the things. He says he used to practise them by himself every night. They say he hasn't sung for a long time. He lost his grandfather and didn't feel like singing. All the dancers up north where he lives couldn't dance because he wouldn't sing for them. No one could take his place. But this year he's begun again. When he's finished everyone talks

about him—about his singing and what his people are like, way up there near the Oregon line. Another dance begins. Everything goes better now. The men's feet press and beat in the dirt. They whistle through their noses and jerk their heads stiffly like birds. At intervals the women join in the chanting with their high flute voices. The oldest man won't stop when the end of the dance comes, and the last part is repeated again and again.

Down at the hot-dog stand the singer from the north serves coffee and buns and watches the young people dancing. He sings the jazz song loudly, in imitation of a negro singer. The chief asks him where he's going to sleep and he says grandly that he's going back to town. Everyone stares and laughs. The chief says he guesses he'll be the first Indian to sleep in Ukiah, and someone tells about trying to get a shave there. The people from Stockton tease the Ukiah people about not being allowed in the hotels and stores of the white people. In Stockton they let you go anywhere. A young girl with marcelled black hair and a red and white face whispers to the singer and they go off together.

Back in the Dance-house they are beginning a Whiskey-dance—longer and more complicated than the Ho! Ho! dances. The women sing a high thin chant, standing in line with their backs to the audience. One by one the men dance out to their places behind them. There is great rivalry for the best steps. Some take a long time, coming forward and going back, stamping and blowing through their noses, the feathers on their heads jerking and nodding. Some are so overcome with shyness they just walk out, and their friends and relatives are ashamed of them. When the signal is shouted they all turn around and begin to dance. At intervals the music changes from quadruple to triple time and the stamping step changes to a slow skipping hop. The house is crowded and at each pause the audience yells. One old man shouts funny remarks in Spanish and English, repeating them in all the Indian languages he knows, so no one will miss the point. The whole crowd is laughing at him. The dancers exert themselves, each one using a step a little different from any other. They all come from different places and each wants to make a good impression for his town.

A long pause at the end of this dance. The people go to sleep,

wrapped in their blankets and quilts. Outside the jazz goes on and on. The moon has come up and the sky through the smoke-hole seems full of golden dust. A child cries and coughs in the straw, and across the fire someone sings and sings. In the next dance some of the people have dropped out and others take their places. A young girl with a short skirt and solemn eyes stands with the women. The dancers are even more vigorous and the audience excited. In the pauses those who are not sleeping go out for hot-dogs and watch the young people. The dancers take off their costumes and go out too.

The sky through the smoke-hole shows a faint grey and the noise at the end of this dance starts a rooster to crowing. This is the last dance; they can hardly stop; the audience roars approval at each new beginning. When it has come to an end the women go out to cook breakfast, and the men who have danced all night take off their costumes and fold them carefully away. They are very old and precious, and the feathers are easily hurt.

The young people come in and start a Hand-game. Money is collected in a pile and the two sides face each other across it. Four people play, and the two that have the sticks begin by singing and shuffling the sticks behind them. Presently they wrap them in bunches of grass and hold them out for the other side to guess. It is a good song and the others have a hard time guessing. The people come up close to watch. A girl with her arm around the waist of a tall, fine fellow goes to sleep, her head on his shoulder, and he has to hold her up. The sticks are lost and won and lost again, and the people whose money is in the pile keep calling to their side. It's not a very good game and the on-lookers begin to drift out. Down by the cook-fire the women scold and worry about the food and the sun feels hot. A shout from the Dance-house means the game is over.

After breakfast one of the head men makes a long good speech about the Indians' place in the world and warns his people against too close imitation of the whites and against trying to forget about being a different race. He urges everybody to remember next year's Big-Time—to tell other people about it. He talks about how good it is to come together and see the old-time dances and customs. It is a very wise speech and the people listen and nod in approval.



It is beginning to get hot. People are sprawled in the shade, smoking and sleeping. Three men struggle with an old Ford. A car drives up with some white people—two women and a man. They stroll about in the dust looking at things, and say they'll be back in the evening to see the dancing. Three old women, very fat, walk slowly down the road. Their long skirts wave with the motion of their hips and they walk with the slow grace of the bare-footed. A car goes bumping down the road past them. The slim young fellow driving it has one arm around the pretty girl beside him. In the back of the car the youngest of the men who were dancing all night in the Dance-house strums a banjo and sings sentimentally, "Ain't she sweet ——"

## RESURGES

BY BRAVIG IMBS

where starlight touched the stone  
I felt the autumn was  
the moss that clove thereon

why did the warm wind stir up spring  
here in the field with autumn underfoot

too well I know the straining tear of buds  
the withered leaf I love and loathe



## A NOTE ON MASEFIELD

BY SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

**J**ACK B. YEATS, R.H.A., the poet's brother, and a painter of note, was in his younger days a tireless creator of vivid characters: over a long period they dripped from a bloody pencil—pirates, jockeys, sailors of high and low degree, circus-riders, thieves, cross-eyed tinkers and bow-legged strollers, ballad-singers and barmen and so on, all of them types we might term picturesque, Stevensonian, Borrowian, or perhaps Masefieldian. Between 1901 and 1904 he began to write miniature plays for the stage "in the old manner," using suchlike characters: his plays were in fact the old penny-plain, twopence-coloured, except that Mr Yeats sold his plays more wisely and more profitably for "1s. net or coloured by the author 5s. net, the Play set up ready for acting by the author with Stage and all necessities, price three guineas." The names of his playlets were themselves vermilion—James Flaunty or The Terror of the Western Seas, The Treasure in the Garden, The Scourge of the Gulph. Much blood ran in the scuppers, the plots were fore-and-aft and down-the-hatchway, there was a ferocious use of crimson lake (hark to the sound of it, reader!) and into these now forgotten little chap-books which delighted the hearts of the best English critics twenty-five years ago, there flowed from the painter's hot imagination and youthful memories of the West coast of Ireland in the '60's nothing that was not of a high tone and a quick pulse.

But of this same interest in the sea came, with another chap-book, a collaboration—this was *A Little Fleet* (London, 1909) in the foreword of which the editor announced that "the owners and myself are indebted to the Fleet Poet for the verses through the book."<sup>1</sup> Evidently the poet, historian, dramatist, and novelist of

<sup>1</sup> The complete biographer of John Masefield must, and the enthusiastic biographer might well record these amusing verses of the poet's which were published anonymously. The verses were never collected afterwards. Mr Masefield has been interested in certain phases of the Irish

the sea was as ready as the painter to play child again. The fleet was a varied and original one: the Monte, their first boat, a fore-and-aft schooner, the Moby Dick, "supposed to be a Mississippi River steam-boat"; the Theodore, "built out of a long cardboard box—she did not have any masts, we did not have time to make any for her," but this cannot have mattered much as she was only a fireship; the Pasear, "built out of a bright green tie-box with a lid and stones inside to balance her"; and the New Corinthian, "a brig and the finest vessel in the fleet." The Monte, it is here recorded solemnly, "was the first of our vessels and was made out of a flat piece of wood about five inches long, shaped at one end for the bow. She had two masts of very thin wood and was rigged as a fore-and-aft schooner with paper sails which had holes in them so as to fasten them to the masts. She had a stone underneath her to keep her upright and a piece of string tied round her amidships to keep on the stone." She was unfortunate however, and on her maiden voyage "hit against oh! such a nasty rock" that heaved her on her beam-ends and turned her over until her stone keel was on top, and then the Pirate Poet sang his song of her:

"And now by Gara rushes  
When stars are blinking white  
And sleep has stilled the thrushes  
And sunset brings the night,

There where the stones are gleamin'  
A passer-by can hark  
To the old drowned Monte sea-men  
A-singing through the dark.

There where the gnats are pesky  
They sing like anything,  
They sing like Jean De Reske—  
This is the song they sing:

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literary movement: he has written a little book about Synge, and lines in his poem *Biography* tell of their midnight walks and talks in Bloomsbury.

## A NOTE ON MASEFIELD

Down in the pebbled ridges  
Our old bones sing and shout;  
We see the dancing midges,  
We feel the skipping trout.

Our bones are green and weeded,  
Our bones are old and wet;  
But the noble deeds that we did  
We never can forget."

The Pirate Poet was also moved by the loss of the steamboat Moby Dick, which was sunk by the weight of her own anchor: here are his verses on the ill-fated ship:

"She sailed down Gara Valley,  
She startled all the cows,  
With touchwood in her galley  
And green paint round her bows.

. . . . .

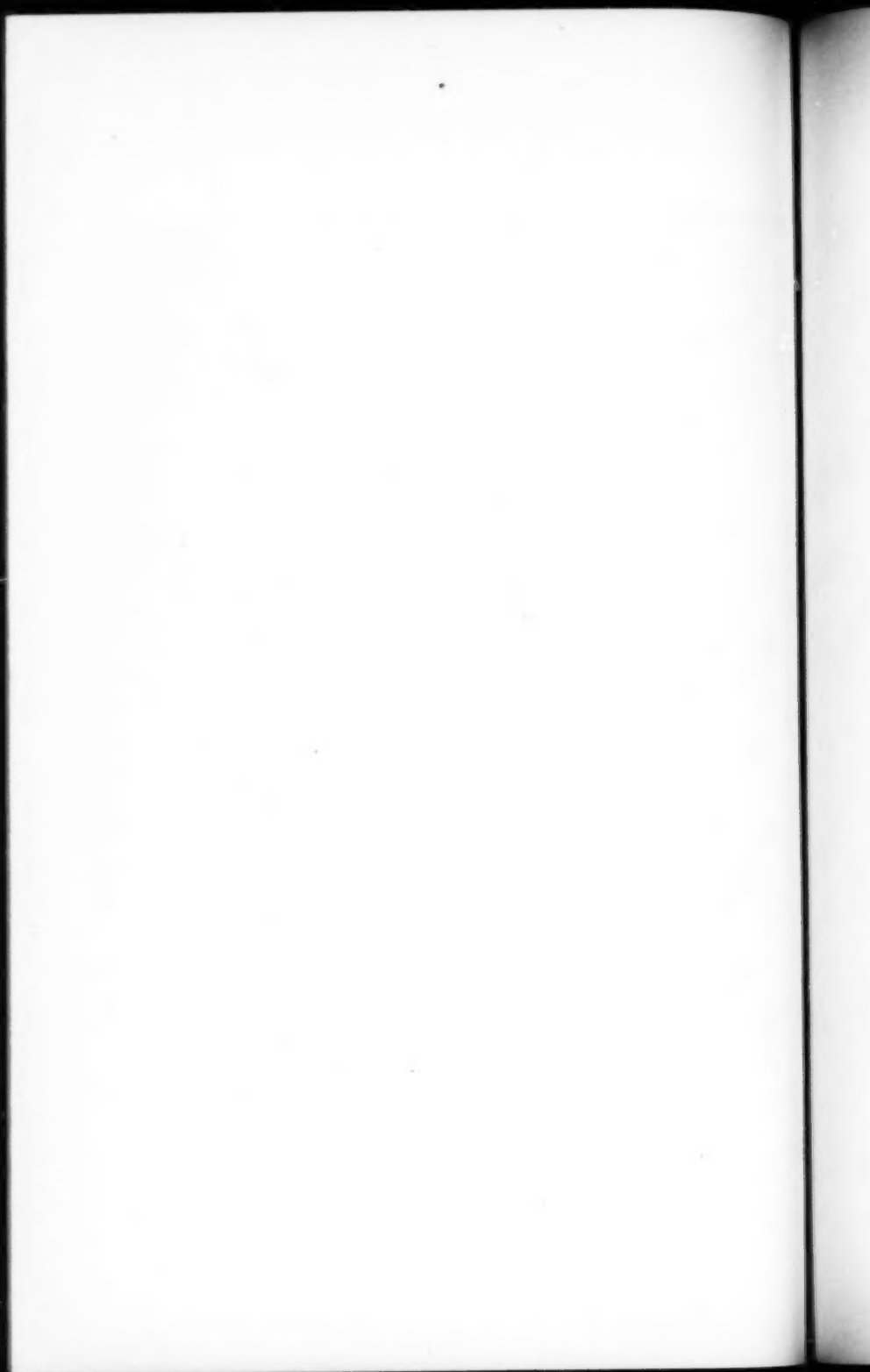
She came to flying anchor  
At the twilight time of day  
But the strain on her cable sank her  
And her crew—oh! where were they?"

In addition to their charm these frolics of the poet's and painter's memory enticingly suggest the childhood of W. B. Yeats, the poet, childhood days which nobody, not even the poet himself perhaps, could now recall.



*Collection P. M. Turner*

LA MERE ÉPLORÉE. BY JEAN MARCHAND



## THE EMBANKMENT

BY HAROLD LEWIS COOK

Smoothe out the grooved brain;  
Distend it with a dream.  
With fever parch the eye,  
Then walk by Thames stream

Amid the iron-stiff stalks  
Of those electric flowers  
That mark the stony paths  
And the evil bowers.

This is the strangest garden:  
Corruption from the mud  
Breaks through fog and dark  
To incandescent bud.

And in this dream who sleeps  
Like rotten fallen leaves?  
Round the winter-stricken stems  
Who grieves?

Abject, by the cold parterres,  
In the heavy, rainy air,  
Who are these who cough  
And curse and wander there

Staring at Egypt's stone,  
Ironic and obscene?  
O what is Egypt here,  
Or Egypt's Queen?

## THE EMBANKMENT

Or what is any Queen  
To those by this black river  
On whose hard wave the lights  
Like golden roses quiver?

Where over the garden wall  
Wind-driven leaves may leap.  
Flutter and fall, spin —  
And sleep.



## A THING SEEN

BY JOHN COLLIER

IS ANYTHING more delightful than the thought that they had, those young men of the very last years that were still 18—, feelings of their own, much akin, fundamentally, to those ourselves experience. With soft brown moustaches, and round hats; twilight and gas-lamp and hansom cab, and all about them, had they only known it, Degas' by night and Renoirs by day to fill brimful their mild blue eyes.

M Fountain had been such a one, in those days, when he was only twenty-two, and still un-Gallicized, most un-Gallicized, English Mr Fountain, and it was then he had come to France and to Marseilles for the first time in his life. And by this time to him also, for he was like most people, that period and his part in it, the emotions, the ideals, and the inner conflicts he had had in those days, were of a removed, an aesthetic, interest, but almost forgotten, it was so long ago; but he was still a man of feeling, that must be remembered; perhaps he was more of one than ever.

Sitting now with Madame Fountain among the pebbles and the potted shrubs of a café courtyard which opened on the most charming square, he was trying to recall that time. It was their wedding anniversary, and he had brought Madame Fountain because it was in the house above, which had once been an hotel, he had first met her, and that had been in those days also. It should be added there were flies in the windows of the café, crumbs and glasses with wine-dregs on the white tables of the restaurant within; there were hanging baskets of flowers in the courtyard, chairs and tables of thin iron-work, green and dim blue, and the Fountains in their corner had two or three tendrils of vine stretched on wires over their heads, as if some one had once perhaps thought of an arbour, and above that was the harsh, blue canvas sky. A wide gateway upon the light, hot, moving square, but the almost "period" contents of the courtyard were providently bottled, like seaweed, by an appropriate cab, which stood at the entrance in blurred lamp-black silhouette against the glaring space beyond,

until one looked directly at it, that is; then it was full of colour as a blue-bottle fly.

M Fountain suddenly saw his pink-cheeked youth. The word "boy" hung in his mind as round, soft, as clear as an April rain-drop. That boy, whose uncle, a merchant, was awaiting his return from a commission to Narbonne (and there was always inadequacy, inefficiency, anger in that employment), that boy had no right to linger on in Marseilles. Some things are hard to resist. He had only been there a week; now he must leave, for his money was all gone; he had his ticket and just enough for his hotel bill. He kept adding it in his head. He hoped there would be no extras, there was only just enough.

The young man took a bird-sip at his bock, that it might last, and stared through the gateway into the square. Across, framed in thick palms, under bright blinds, was the large handsome Café de la Méditerranée, blooming on the pavement with soldiers and strangers and waiters, and, in the dimness behind its glass, that exquisite morning staleness, a languid and experienced air, where sweeping was going on, corks and cigar-ends and a sprinkling on the floor. To leave this! The train this evening for Paris and the boat. For the Cheapside office, E.C., and for trouble there.

The evening train. He recalled yesterday evening. Then he had dined so elatedly with the Botrins at the lovely café across the square. "*Ach du liebe Ernestine, alles ist weg, weg, weg!*" But Ernestine showed not the faintest ruffling, even, on the surface of her usual trance, at the prospect of seeing him no more, though it was for her he had prolonged a truant day in Marseilles to this inexcusable week. She seemed so preoccupied, so sullen towards him, but yet, perhaps he thought, so unescapable objectively; she had been feverish as a carnation, perhaps he thought, last night in the wide café with its mirrors and palms and oily gold lights.

It seemed that her father was sorry to part with him, though. He wondered what any one as old and hard, in a Southern way much harder than his uncle, could find to like in him. Perhaps he had had a son. . . . It was not very likely.

What frequent invitations! "Would M Fountain care to drive this afternoon?" "Perhaps M Fountain would give us the pleasure, at dinner?" And such flattering insistence: how he saw to it

that Ernestine should second him. "My daughter will be so charmed, delighted. Is it not so, Ernestine?" "Oh, oui, Papa. Oui, M Fountain." He always felt a queer response, a little thrill, at these velvety manifestations of power over the young girl whose life, so clearly, opened out like a flower in some other direction, yet who must so inevitably obey. She'd have to obey that man, he realized, and did not forget it, whatever the command.

"Old Botrin," suddenly and certainly cried the voice of inner conviction, "would like me for a son-in-law, God knows why!"

That, of course, was why he'd invited this young Fountain to visit them at Vintimille: "And must you go to England so soon? Is it not possible you could stay with us a little at our poor home at Vintimille? Ernestine would be charmed, delighted. Is it not so, Ernestine?" "Oh, oui, Papa. Oui, M Fountain." The idea aroused disturbing emotions in the youth, strongly attracted as he was to this secretive, perhaps hostile, creature, in whom he now divined some sort of an emotional fluttering; it was not at all definite. He felt it was all very exotic, very much the antithesis of Cheapside; this tacit league with the father, the surety of a suave material accomplishment, and the veiled hostility, and the flutter. His blood thickened a little at the conception. It was very natural, perhaps, after all.

And now for the want of a little ready money, of a paltry railway fare even, to have to abandon it all, to return to England!

The last drops of the bock were gone, the waiter hovered for a fresh order; he experienced the self-consciousness which attends on empty pockets, and, disinclined to sit on without drinking, he went out, though he would rather have sat there in hope of a glimpse of Ernestine, and he sauntered down the sunny, coloured streets towards the port.

He found a hot seat whence he could overlook the blue-green harbour, and the blue and white sea outside. It was a quiet corner. He sat hardly examining the situation, but rather staring at it as if to stamp definiteness upon it: but whatever aspect he selected, that grew transparent, vanished under his attention. Yet it was there in his mind, certainly real. The touches with which he sought to give it nameable shape became only caresses, and more yellow came into the light that blue and white afternoon.

When he got back to the hotel he found the Botrins were gone. M Botrin had asked several times for him: he had left a note.

"It has become, suddenly, necessary for us to leave to-day instead of to-morrow," and so on. "I wish I could have seen you: I would have given much to persuade you, if it had been thinkable, at this eleventh hour, to change your plans; to visit us at Vintimille."

What could be worse than this? A little perception, decision, and matters would have been arranged so easily. Old Botrin's drift had been clear enough all along, if only he'd had sense to see it. And, seeing it, how easy it would have been, without a direct word almost, to convey his difficulties to the old man: how certainly everything would have become smooth! And now, that note had not been written for nothing. His mind swung over, now that it was too late, to almost too vivid a vision, too bright a confidence. So he continued to reproach himself till the cab was announced that was to take him to the station.

"My God! If I'd just the bare fare to Vintimille, I'd go there, and put it absolutely bluntly to the old man."

In the cab, in the crevice between the leather cushion and the side, sticking out quite prominently, was a folded paper.

"Do you know, Ernestine, my dear," said M Fountain, when he had arrived at this point in his recollection, "there is something I have never told you." And indeed this was so, for with them the early years of marriage had not been entirely smooth, nor in general tone propitious to such confidences. Later, he had been too much occupied in close imitation of his redoubtable father-in-law, that he might become able to follow him in control of his wine business, and in benevolent dominion over the difficult Ernestine. These things accomplished, he felt free now to blossom as he had in youth, but now in maturity, as a creature of sentiment.

"Do you know," he said now, "that here in Marseilles, here where we first met"—Madame Fountain, who forgot nothing, stiffened a little—"I very nearly lost you."

He came now to the finding of the paper.

"I opened it, and there, folded in quite carelessly, were two coins, one a ten-franc, the other a five-franc piece. And yet, do you know, at first I scarcely noticed the money at all. For there

was some writing on the paper. It was the most hurried of scrawls; a typical, unformed, school-girl hand: 'Will you please send off this telegram, whoever finds this, at once, it is most important, the ten francs are for you, most urgent, most important.'

"And then the message ran, I remember: 'You completely misunderstood on Monday, I will come, letter found, says marry first possible person, write the address I gave you at once or no good.'

"It was unsigned, and addressed to someone in barracks in Marseilles!

"My dear," said M Fountain, "do you know, as I read that telegram, I forgot everything; I was completely lit up by an intuition of all that lay behind. But yes, I saw, as it were, the spirit of the whole thing, so clearly. One guessed also something of circumstances, some outlines: a quarrel perhaps between lovers, at the same time a discovery, eh? Perhaps the weeping young wife being hurried away by her Bluebeard, or stern parents more likely, and no arrangements made, something of that sort: but it was the *spirit* of the whole affair, this thing so tender and bright, at the mercy of the mean hardness of the outside world. Perhaps I fail to express myself, my dear, but I saw at that moment, I tell you, the essence, young love, like a flower, lilac or something, helpless and beautiful.

"Nor was it just a poetical abstraction, this idea, for I remember gaining through it at the end, a more personified vision, of *you*, Ernestine, of your soft tremulous emotional life as a young girl." Madame Fountain compressed her lips. "And it was then that I first fully realized how essential it was that I should gain you for my own. Ah! yes!

"Then the cab stopped outside the station, and it was then that the full meaning of the money dawned on my mind. I remember I stood there in the hot sun, that summer evening, trembling as if I were (ha! ha!) already in cold England, before my angry uncle.

"'For Paris?' said the porter, seeing my labels.

"'One moment.'

"I rushed to the booking office. 'How much to Vintimille?' 'Fourteen francs,' replied the clerk. What a thing, to be pulled like a fish from one world to another!

"I tell you, my dear, and let it show the impression you already

made on me, that without hesitation, carelessly, callously almost, I committed then the greatest crime of my life, against the vision that but a moment before had entirely engrossed me.

"Vintimille! And I pulled out the ten-franc piece and the five-franc piece too, and, wantonly crumpling the paper, threw it down among the litter on the floor.

"And that was how I got to Vintimille, my dear! You know the rest."

"Yes, I know the rest," said Madame Fountain.

"Twenty-seven years!"

"What was that, my dear?" asked her husband.

"Nothing," said Madame Fountain.

## WHITE ARROW

BY JEAN TOOMER

Your force is greater than your use of it.  
Existing, yet you dream that breath depends  
On bonds I once contracted for. It is  
A false belief induced by sleep and fear.  
In faith and reason you were swift and free,  
White Arrow, as you were, awake and be!



## A CLASSIC ART

BY BORIS DE SCHLOEZER

*Translated From the French by Ezra Pound*

### III

STRAVINSKY has written a great deal for the theatre, one may even say that his scenic production is qualitatively and quantitatively the most important part of his work, it amounts to seven ballets: *Fire Bird*, *Petrouschka*, *The Sacre*, *Apollo*, *Renard*, *Noces*, *Pulcinella*, the last three having song parts; two operas: *The Nightingale* and *Mavra*; the cantata *Oedipus*, intended for the stage, and a work of mixed character: *L'Histoire du Soldat*.

It may seem strange at first sight that a musician of classic type, so caring to emphasize the specific character of his art, a man whose creative thought seems to move exclusively in the realm of sonority, in short a "pure" musician shd. have felt so constantly drawn to the stage and shd. have written so many works in which the music finds itself in such close relation with extra-musical elements: plastic forms, scenic action, literary subjects, etc. Indubitably he, as musician, always aims at safeguarding the autonomy of his art and repudiates all the syntheses dear to the romantics; but it is none the less true that he seems deliberately to place himself in the ticklish position where the musical value runs always a certain risk.

Must we believe that, contrary to the conclusions indicated by our analysis, Stravinsky does not subordinate everything to the music and that he was deceiving himself when he declared lately that: the embryo of the *Sacre* was a theme that "came to him when he had finished the *Fire Bird*." He continued: "Every musical work comes by impressions which, crystallizing in the brain, in the ear, little by little but mathematically, become finally concrete in notes and rhythms."<sup>1</sup> As this theme was conceived in a vigorous,

<sup>1</sup> "Every" is too strong. The best probably do, but this is interesting biography.—E. P.



brutal manner, I took what this music evoked (in my own head, if you like) namely prehistoric Russia, since I am Russian, as a pretext for developments. But keep your mind on the fact that this idea came from the music and not the music from this idea. My work is architectonic and not anecdotal. Construction objective not descriptive."

I think there are two reasons for the important role given to the spectacle, the dance, the scenic action in Stravinsky's work. The first is an exterior reason, but external circumstances have always had a great deal to do with Stravinsky's works, many of which were done to order or done with view to a given group of instruments, and the character of the work thus determined in advance, as the Apollo-Musagetes, by the necessity of conforming to certain conditions. Many of his scores can be called "works of circumstance." This never prevents a composer doing what he wants to do, it even seems that like many other classic artists, Mozart for example, Stravinsky often had to have the limits of his job mapped out before he cd. get to work; he cdnt. be wholly free save in bondage. One may well believe that his close relation with the Diaghileff ballet has greatly favoured the development of Stravinskian art even though it obliged the composer to work for the theatre. I think however that there was an interior reason, possibly several of them, for this theatric production.

In the above-quoted declaration, made to M Georges-Michel,<sup>2</sup> he emphasizes the character of the *Sacre*: "architectonic," "objective not descriptive construction." "The idea came from the music not the music from the idea." The composer is, I think, perfectly well aware of how the music of the *Sacre* was born in him but the genesis of a work, its structure, and its intimate nature are very different things. For example, a work whose first source and origin was an image or a poetic or even abstract idea might perfectly well be an "objective construction" and a piece of autonomous music complete in itself. It all depends on the attitude of the composer, the point of departure need not affect this.<sup>3</sup> Putting aside the *Sacre* we may admit without endangering his "classicism" that Stravinsky now and again needs a plastic image or a "subject" in order to make the impressions, as he says, "crystallize" and

<sup>2</sup> *Rev. Musicale*, I Dec., 1923.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Gaudier-Brzeska, by Ezra Pound; pp 93-109.—Editor's note.

become wholly musical work; that is to say the image, subject, stimulus lets loose the work of musical thought which thereafter affects only the "*matière sonore*," the sound-substance (i.e., non-musical cause having effects in exclusively musical sphere.—Translator's parenthesis).

An analogous but completely opposite phenomenon to that of Berlioz, that is to say Berlioz wrote only for the stage, circumstances being unfavourable to his theatric production but the spirit of the theatre penetrates all of his work, and P. M. Masson is perfectly right in saying that Berlioz "brought the drama into the concert hall." Stravinsky has carried the concert to the theatre. If Berlioz has theatricized music, Stravinsky has musicalized the theatre, has annexed the stage to music and extended the rule of music over alien domain.

We have already indicated his means for safeguarding the independence of music when faced with texts and scenic action; his scores stand on their own feet when taken away from the stagings for which they were written, and this is because their structure is governed by specific principles and is not merely a function of the stage spectacle. And yet they are theatrical work, conceived to be represented, and there ought to be close relation between the music and the action.

For example *The Dance of the Chosen* at the end of the *Sacre*, is, as we now hear it, probably the product of a series of reactions between the music and a certain subject, even if the idea of a ballet presenting the rites of prehistoric Russia was to Stravinsky merely the pretext for developing a theme "conceived in a strong, brutal manner," it is still plausible that the idea itself, in its swing-back excited his imagination and predetermined the general character of the work by turning his musical thought to a certain point of its compass and affecting his choice. **NEVERTHELESS** this *sacri-ficial dance* is not a description of the terrors of strangulation, nor of the jumps and leaps of the chosen Virgin; nor an expression of her sentiments. Neither is it a moving evocation destined to create a certain tragic and sombre atmosphere, it is and is uniquely the transposition of a certain act onto the plane of sonority; an image musically represented and seen "*sub specie musicae*."

It is in sum a musical episode symmetrically constructed according to certain specific conventions, and constituting, harmonically

speaking, a single vast cadence. A romantic of the Schumann type wd. want to express all that he felt himself; and nothing but that. For a romantic of the Schumann type all of his own feeling, and nothing else save those things felt inside himself, acquires musical existence; and if he turns toward the external world to realize it in music it must first pass through his own ego and be impregnated with his personal sentiments. In the long run it is always "Schumann's world." But for a Stravinsky the things, their relations, their actions, have a sonorous value and take on a musical form directly, without there being need for him to introduce his own sentiments and emotions.

The score of the *Sacre*, or of *Petrouschka*, *Noces*, or *Mavra* can perfectly well dispense with the stage set, for everything that Stravinsky has put into them has been completely re-thought and transposed to the plane of sonority and has acquired a musical existence sufficient unto itself. The theatre adds nothing save comment, something to make the music tangible, visible, and rationally explicable.

The putting on the stage of a given work by Stravinsky is in a way re-doing the music from the other end on, reconstituting the world which Stravinsky had dis-composed in order to create a sonorous universe. And this realization in no way jars with the author's intentions. When he writes a score he wants it to be seen, he wants the images and ideas which have served him as pretexts, to take form on the stage, for this autocrat in his own country wants to extend its borders, to bring the concert into the theatre, to musicalize the stage. And he succeeds. The spectacle that takes place in front of us is essentially musical, the world which these theatre people extract from his music bears the indelible imprint of the sonorous "existence" which Stravinsky has given it.

Our composer hardly ever writes dances. *Noces* is a cantata. The *Sacre* is a sort of symphony in two parts, I wd. call it a symphonic poem if that label hadn't been pre-empted by Liszt and Richard Strauss for a frankly literary and even descriptive type of composition. But the musical dynamism of these two scores of Stravinsky's requires in a way the plastic images, and becomes naturally concrete in postures and dances. Obviously their success depends in great part on the intuition, technique, and musical

sensibility of producer and ballet-master who cause the composer's rhythms to incarnate.

Nijinsky's and Miassine's choreographic versions of the *Sacre* are very different, but both faithful in the sense that they start from the music and refrain from making additions; Nijinsky emphasized the lyric and tragic elements; Miassine tries to extract the pure movement, avoiding any poetic idea, thus risking a descent into rhythmic gymnastics and not always avoiding the pitfall. Nijinska's choreography for *Noces* is inspired by the same principle: plastic crystallization of musical forms, and what gives her dances their particular interest, as I see it, is that she manages to build this choreography as a function of the music and yet keeps it as it were a sort of counterpoint or something in a sort of contrapuntal relation to that music. The close parallelism of music and dance makes parts of Miassine's *Sacre* mechanical and clogs the dancing by impeding its own proper development in its own character. Such parallelism is almost wholly absent from the plastic movements of *Noces* which maintain their own specific value without ceasing to translate the music. The problem of *Pulcinella* is much simpler since it originated in a group of Pergolesi's dances. All we can say of Balanchine's choreography for *Apollo-Musagetes* is that it does not too greatly annoy us.

Petrouschka deserves separate examination, this "ballet" is a play, and is Stravinsky's most important stage work, the only one in which there is a conflict, i.e., it is not epic in form, like the *Rossignol*; or lyric like *Mavra* and *Oedipus*, it is dramatic.

It appears that the piano phrase symbolizing Petrouschka's sufferings in the second scene, with the doll's enraged foot-stampings and useless leaps, was at first intended for a piano concerto. This phrase plus the first theme of the fair which acts as a sort of refrain in that scene in rondo form constitutes in a way the musical germ of the score whose general lines we have observed. Here the composer has written a series of precise dances, they, the movement of the crowd, the games, the masks, etc., all find place and take their purely musical value in the score and the transposition of this latter to the stage adds nothing (as is Stravinsky's rule that it shd. add nothing) to the work, but it does make visible his musical thought. But there is here something more than the fête

and the gaudy anonymous crowd; there are three characters acting, offending, loving each other, their conflict ends in catastrophe. How is the composer to realize this drama? First, by keeping out of it.

The moor, the ballerina, and Petrouschka are alone on the stage, they act "on their own." There is no musical "atmosphere," no impressionist research, the composer suggests nothing. Neither are there any sonorous labels. Nevertheless the protagonists are there, clearly, honestly, and are characterized with singular vigour. In the perfectly symmetrical frame of two scenes forming each a musical episode corresponding to scherzo and the slow movement of a sonata, they love, think, and suffer, the music never takes on the movement of an expressive language, and the author never permits them to unbosom themselves directly, save for that short phrase of Petrouschka's cited above. The drama is on the stage because it is complete *in* the music, because the composer has musically thought his subject and characters and has given them a sonorous existence, it is nothing but a chain of melodic phrases, dance rhythms, conventional forms. This disposition of sounds, which stand up on their own, is at the same time—and precisely *because* it does possess its own musical value—a whole world of feelings, emotions, ideas. Petrouschka is the very type of true musical drama.

And, as I have said, this ballet occupies a place by itself in all the work of Stravinsky. The nearest to it is possibly *L'Histoire du Soldat*, for that suite on a text by Ramuz also realizes in rigorous musical forms an action with two characters in opposition. But in it the musical drama does not gain its full meaning save in contact with the scenic action and the words; the musical score merely fixes certain moments of the story, which are in fact the stops, the moments that end an event or prepare it, the action you may say occurs between the short pieces of music, or crystals, forming the suite.

The *Nightingale* seems to me epic rather than dramatic. The composer tells a tale, it unrolls without his taking part in it. The *Fire Bird* is also a story, but comparison of the two works shows the profound difference in the author's attitude before and after Petrouschka.

The score of the *Fire Bird* directly depends, not merely as regards



its genesis but in its very structure, forms, upon visual images, the literary theme, the legend which aroused it (the score) and which it (the score) means to evoke, to describe in following the scenic action step by step. Here the music is a commentary, admittedly highly developed and brilliant, full of a special charm, but a commentary; and one is aware all the time of the pictorial and poetic elements from which it flowed, for it tends to paint and to suggest.

There is nothing like this in the Nightingale: the Chinese emperor, his courtiers, the cook are not described by the music, the author does not borrow their voices to explain or unbosom himself; he, as an epic poet, abandons them to their fate and lets them manifest and describe themselves by their musical acts and movements, content to show these to us with precision and in the tone of perfect detachment. Someone has called it dry music, void of all feeling, in which one finds none of the emotion of Andersen's fairy-tale. It is true that the author don't get het up. He refrains from indicating his reactions in face of these farcical figures, yet they are nevertheless comic and touching, and their musical "being" both amuses and moves us. When the mechanical nightingale starts singing, the orchestra for one moment reproduces the creaking of its wheels; but when the living bird lifts its song he does not fall into the trap of imitation or of poetic equivocality, he writes a melodic phrase having not the least relation to the voice of a nightingale but whereof the particular value is illumined by its opposition to all that follows or has preceded and which in its turn illumines all the music of that scene and reveals the profound significance of Andersen's story; that is precisely what is termed "thinking like a musician" (*penser en musicien*) and "giving things a musical existence." The poet was obliged to comment, to intervene in order to explain, the musician can introduce a contrasting melodic value in his sonorous weave; the nightingale is the only living creature in this court of mechanical gestures and sentiments but if the musician tries to reproduce its life directly by imitation of exterior signs he will kill it, the bird wd. be as factitious and mechanical as the people surrounding the emperor; the only means to the end are the specific means of the musical language, such as Stravinsky has chosen.

On the other hand Mavra and Oedipus are lyric genre, but a particular sort of lyricism. Their texts wd. seem to furnish none of

the so-called "poetic" elements usually so dear to the composers of operas. *Mavra* contains a rapid action, with quidproquo, coups de théâtre, etc. suitable for opera bouffe. In *Oedipus* there are recitals, of the shepherd, of Tiresias, and discourses, stuff intractable to lyric form. Yet, and thanks mainly to the almost exclusively melodic structure of the two scores, but thanks also to the author's having held rigorously to the aria form, he manages to impose a lyric character on the unfolding of the action, the dialogues even when led by the situation take on an air of a series of connected lyric monologues, more or less developed, as for example Creon's dispute with *Oedipus*.

I have already pointed out that Stravinsky in this is faithful to the Russian operatic tradition. Distinguish between the lyricism of Tschaikovsky and that of Borodine or Moussorgsky. Tschaikovsky's music drama emerges from the romance; is essentially subjective; the author himself speaks through the voices of the characters in *Eugène Onéguine*. *La Dame de Pique* and *La Sorcière* contain dramatic episodes but as soon as Tschaikovsky starts to write an air he seizes the opportunity for making a romance and unbosoms himself unrestrainedly; the play merely serves him as a means of expressing himself through different personae. Borodine's theatre is different and Moussorgsky's still more so, for Prince Igor has also pages of romance. Moussorgsky drifts toward lyric expression but it is objective, the author doesn't appear in it, he is a dramatist, he creates real characters, and they reveal themselves in a series of lyric airs and monologues. Rimsky with less genius attains analogous results, as in the *Tzar's Fiancée*. This objective lyricism is in close relation to the nature of the melodies treated, the popular russian songs do not lend themselves to expression of the personal sentiments of an author. Created by collective genius they possess a certain super-individual significance. Thus one can use them only for chorus or for musical realization of characters who represent the russian people.

The antagonistic tendencies are present in the common ancestor Glinka who wrote a number of sentimental romances and shows their influence in his operas, especially in *Life for the Tzar*; nevertheless Glinka, being a complete and harmonious genius, now lyric, now dramatic, now epic, managed to make use of the essentially

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subjective spirit of the Russian romance (mixed product of tzigane and italian song) for dramatic ends. He never thrusts himself onto the stage, he does not urge his own personal attitude, we don't know what he personally is thinking or feeling. The lyric idiom which he had used to reveal himself, is made to express the characters of each of his heroes and gives each of them a separate meaning.

This aesthetic reappears in *Mavra*, a musical comedy with a faint subject. Pouchkine's House in Kolomna (this latter a suburb of Petersburg) serves as pretext for some scenes of buffoonery and more especially for a series of airs and ensembles treated in the old russian romance manner, each character offers as you might say, his own lyric portrait, turned slightly to caricature by melodic touches, faded lavender (*vieillottes*, wilfully and slightly, oldish).

What is the cantata-opera *Oedipus* if not a series of lyric portraits from ancient tragedy? The action takes place off stage. The music tells us only the results. The recitant explains the events and conducts us from one situation to another, each character coming on to show us his role and nature, the chorus establishes the scenic and musical liaison of this group of static states by its commentaries and reactions. Nothing happens on the stage; and moreover the music itself is deprived of that implacable movement which had seemed to be the very essence of Stravinsky's art and used to evoke in his hearers the image of a natural force.

Despite the absence of all external dynamism this music has a tragic accent, only the tragedy is somewhat lyricized, the tension of the drama is shown us only by the clearly silhouetted airs, that is by the conventions of the type. The indications for *mise en scène* given by Stravinsky in collaboration with Cocteau shd. further underline the immobility of the characters, the statuesque nature of the work, which is at first disconcerting, but which marks the triumph of Stravinsky's theatric aesthetic or what Arthur Laurié calls "the concert on the stage."

But apart from music and stage production the *Oedipus* had another surprise for the audience: a latin text, and even here the author is logically consistent with himself, he makes use of a language nicely suitable for song and whose solemn gait suits the work's character, it is also a dead language, filed by long usage, belonging to no one and to everyone, as you might say, neuter;

just as he makes use of banal musical formulae and turns of melody, as you might say all of them "fallen into the public domain."

His russian "oecumenism" and more especially his classic spirit have carried him along in this course, begun with Petrouschka, and never abandoned since, taking him always further along the route of the "commonplace" and toward an ideal universality, realized not by means of an abstraction which wd. be contrary to the very nature of his art which is by essence concrete, but by recourse to style, attaining type. If we consider the characters animated by Stravinsky we note the same tendency which has drawn him to modelling his thought on typical forms; all his heroes, however individual, belong to classified types, types in that sense conventional. If as in *Mavra* they have a name, the name is a mere label, as Harpagon is a label for the miser. Petrouschka, the Moor, the ballerina are the dolls of russian puppet-show, in its turn derived from the Italian; the sentimental un-understood lover, his rival the stupid but lucky ladykiller, the inconstant capricious female. In *Pulcinella* we find the characters of the *Commedia dell'Arte*; in *Renard*, those of the russian tales. The devil and the soldier in *L'Histoire du Soldat* are likewise popular creations. In the *Sacre* and *Noces* there is nothing but gregarious humanity, a collective being, the people whence scarcely emerge the chosen Virgin, the Fiancé, the Bride, stripped of all individuality. The actors in *Mavra* are the conventional roles of opera bouffe; in *Oedipus* he gives the scene and hero of ancient myth.

#### IV

There wd. seem to be nothing more to say about Stravinsky's extraordinary faculty for renewing himself; about the veritable heroism with which he refuses to exploit his successes, but invariably starts fresh and stakes everything boldly as if he were just debutant. For if after long inspection we have managed to find a unity in his work as a whole, every single one of his works has disconcerted us on appearance. The principles of his art which we now think we have discovered have been realized in unexpected fashions, finding their application in new domains and acquiring

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thereby a development impossible for us to foresee. After every one of these catastrophes in our musical life caused by a new work of Stravinsky's one has gathered one's wits and managed to make out that the author was logical with himself, that he had done what he ought to, all of which didn't in the least prevent one's guessing wrong next time.

But the novelty of *Apollo* was a record. And the upsetting of its audience in 1928 was not due to a mere—quite natural—lack of public adaptability. This work really is a "new fact" in the evolution of Stravinskian art. What makes it so different from *Oedipus* and other preceding works is not merely the greater simplification of harmonic writing; not merely the reduction of orchestra to strings alone; nor to Haendel and Bach giving place to Lully as if the author wished to bring to life the tradition of the antique french ballet (we already know what to think of this stylization with which they reproach our composer). . . .

All these things are important but something much more significant differentiates *Apollo* and gives it a value and place apart in Stravinsky's work, revealing perhaps the ultimate secret of man and artist.

From strictly musical angle one sees the relations between *Apollo* and the preceding compositions, and one can almost understand how it grew out of the *Oedipus*, as the author applied his principles to a determined domain and adapted his stylistic procedures to a given aim. But nothing in all Stravinsky's other work could have led one to foresee the peace and tenderness of the *Apollo*.

Start with *Fire Bird*, *Petruschka*, and the *Sacre* and end with *Apollo*! Upset the whole of music, let loose tempests of rhythm, appeal to all the dynamics hidden in sound; exalt force and implacable movement and finally arrive at a modest string orchestra and a work where all is harmony, sweetness, serenity, a form purely lovely and candid, in the etymological sense of that word! What crisis has the composer passed through, that shd. so completely transform the spirit of his art! Or must we believe that Stravinsky's true face hitherto unknown, and which the artist has been unwilling to show, is that which we find in *Apollo*?

The musician will perhaps tell us, as he did apropos of the *Sonata*, that *Apollo* was composed "as you compose a notary's contract." We know moreover that the ballet was written to order,

and that it was to be for a given orchestra, and we can admit that he saw a technical problem to be solved. It doesn't matter. Works done to order are just as revealing and significant as those believed to spring from free inspiration: for example *Le Nozze di Figaro*. Whatever the conditions surrounding the writing of *Apollo* it reveals Stravinsky's thirst for renunciation, his need of purity and serenity. In it he achieves the prodigy of being free, spontaneous, and luminous without any apparent effort. What this peace and clarity have cost him can be witnessed only by the long series of precedent works whose exasperated dynamism wd. almost seem, by comparison with the *Apollo*, to be a vain agitation.

During the past ten years there has been a lot of talk about "getting rid of" things, and about *pudeur* or modesty, etc. The least of the Conservatoire pupils was preparing "to renounce." This aesthetic was very convenient for the impotent and the indigent; it was the easy ethic of erecting necessity into virtue and sacrificing what one hadn't got, and even what one didn't know about, riches, power, dangerous superabundance of possessions which alone can give value to asceticism. From this point of view *Apollo* contains not only the aesthetic lesson which any work of genius offers, but also a moral, I wd. even say a religious lesson.

Having come to the end of this book, it is hard to resist poking into the future; what shd. we expect from Stravinsky now in the strength of his age and full expansion of his genius? What will his next work be? For our joy or pleasure? Logically, after *Apollo*, he ought to give us a *Mass*, but our logic is probably not his?<sup>4</sup>

*Fin*

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<sup>4</sup> While this book was in press Stravinsky announced a new ballet: *Le Baiser de la Fée*.

## TWO POEMS

BY PADRAIC COLUM

### THE TIN-WHISTLE PLAYER

'Tis long since, long since, since I heard  
A tin-whistle played,  
And heard the tunes, the ha'penny tunes  
That nobody made!

The tunes that were before Cerrinn  
And Cir went Ireland's rounds—  
That were before the surety  
That strings have given sounds!

And now is standing in the mist,  
And jigging backward there,  
Shrilling with fingers and with breath,  
A tin-whistle player!

He has hare's eyes, a long face rimmed  
Around with badger-grey;  
Aimless, like cries of mountain birds,  
The tunes he has to play—

The tunes that are for stretches bare,  
And men whose lives are lone—  
And I had seen that face of his  
Sculptured on cross of stone,  
That long face, in a place of graves  
With nettles overgrown.

### BRANDING THE FOALS

Why do I look for fire to brand these foals?  
What do I need, when all within is fire?  
And lo, she comes, carrying the lighted coals  
And branding-tool—she who is my desire!  
What need have I for what is in her hands—  
If I lay hand upon a hide it brands,  
And grass, and trees, and shadows, all are fire!

## LIVING WATER

BY S. SERGEEV-TZENSKY

*Translated From the Russian by John Cournos*

ONE man beats another with none too great assurance. He may even entertain a fear that the other will suddenly play a trick on him.

He beats his victim with the bigger half of his being, while the smaller observes and weighs the act.

The smaller whispers: "Enough!" The bigger goes on beating. The smaller says unmistakably: "It's folly! Stop it!" The bigger goes on beating, but more weakly, and with a certain awkwardness. The smaller, at last, commands: "Stop it, I tell you!"—and in an instant takes the place of the bigger. The man who did the beating walks away, outwardly righteous and indignant, but is inwardly sometimes even ashamed.

Not so the crowd. Delicate feelings are unknown to it. When a crowd shouts, it does not shout but judges; does not discuss, but pronounces; does not beat but punishes, and any one the crowd has beaten knows that he will not rise again.

And Feodor—Feodor Titkov, from the Cossacks' village, Ouriupinskaya—knew this. He was of low stature and inconspicuous, but compact of body and with bright red face, still young and slenderish, his small eyes not set into eyes' hollows but resting as it were on the immediate surface of his angular cheeks.

But he saw, as did another comrade, Manolati, a Bessarabian gypsy, whose dark face was marked with white scars; and a third, a cobbler from Akhtirka, named Karavanchenko, otherwise Comrade Semyon, a lugubrious fellow with caved-in chest, loud voice, and shining eyes.

When they were seized in the village and their arms bound, they were asked curtly: "Bolsheviks?"

They replied with equal curttness: "Bolsheviks."

And Manolati only, stretching out his neck, added vehemently: "Never mind! Just wait and see. We'll be on top yet!"



Then they were led to a well with a very high crane on it, and no one shouted nor mocked at them; only a thick dust rose from heavy boots, and someone sneezed, or coughed, or spat. Now Cossack women appeared on either side, standing by their homes, and scampering small boys.

Just before he had been caught here at work, Titkov had been eating a herring and hadn't had time to quench his thirst; then, with his comrades, he was locked for the night in a barn.

The day had been very hot, and he craved water. As he approached the well, he felt with his whole compact, swollen body that he was being led precisely where he was needing to be led, and his eyes sought the pail. It was large enough to be a tub, and stood as it happened, with its wet-gleaming chain, on the well-shelf and he could not take his eyes from it.

They were near it now, it was full to the brim. Someone had just given his horse drink and had refilled the pail, but the horse wouldn't drink any more.

Around the well the sand was damp, there was a smell of cattle. A gad-fly settled on Titkov's cheek; he got rid of it by wiping his face against his left shoulder, never once removing his gaze from the pail. When they had come to a halt, he said, simply but not begging: "Comrades, let us have a drink!"

To this the Cossack nearest him, a red-bearded fellow with blue veins on his nose and wet locks showing under his cap, responded no less simply: "Drink to your content!"—and vigorously struck him across the cheek from which the gad-fly had just been brushed off.

And at the same instant he saw that they had knocked down Comrade Semyon, whose feet in the upset kicked his own; and it seemed to him that Manolati's dark head flew upward, above the other heads, as if it actually flew; and just as he observed this, something struck him on the back of his head and brought him to his knees and he murmured distinctly: "So this is the end of us!"

And he drew in his head into his shoulders, like a turtle, and stretched out his legs. He lay flat, upon his face; he felt the wet sand upon his lips, and it smelt strongly of the water of horses.

He tried to work his hands around under him, but they were bound tight and the rope resisted his most desperate efforts.

They kept beating him, except for brief interjections, in silence;



and did it in earnest, as if they were killing a pig. At first Titkov was able to tell where it hurt him most, afterwards it pained equally no matter where they struck. He merely gritted his teeth and kept swallowing saliva.

The shrill outcries of Semyon could no longer be heard. Titkov thought, "They've killed him!" and drew his head in further. But Manolati still managed to make himself heard. Again and again he cried: "Ours! They'll be on top yet! They will! . . . They will! . . . On top! . . ."

Titkov had time to think about him: "He's a tough one. . . . He'll have to get it a hundred times!"

Then, suddenly, he was hit on his right arm, so hard the pain went to his head, and was hit again on the head so that he ceased to hear Manolati and everything else.

The cold woke him.

He was wet from head to foot.

He could not at once recall what had happened to him, then remembered the well, and the Cossacks, and how they had beaten him. He thought: "They have thrown me into the well!" But quickly corrected himself: "Why soil the well? It would have to be cleaned out afterwards. . . ."

And, opening the eye which was higher above the ground than the other, he saw the wet tawny point of a boot almost at his nose and understood someone's good-natured words: "Eheh! . . . This devil's still alive!"

Then he heard another voice: "The gypsy too is stirring!"

He scarcely had time to think that men had come to their rescue when the boot, with a hard crack, struck him just under the eyes. Again he lowered his face and drew in his head.

"On top!" came a stertorous sound somewhere near Manolati.

Then they began to hammer with their boots, and someone heavy sprang on his back and jumped up and down.

Titkov tightened his stomach, but the iron-shod heels with their sharp points tore the skin from his arms. . . . At last, the other arm, as yet unhurt, cracked above the wrist under the onslaught.

Titkov was about to wet his lips with his tongue, when he ceased to feel.

Once more they poured ice-cold well-water on his body. Again

he opened one eye—the other was filled and would not open—and again he saw the huge wet point of the boot.

They turned him over. Someone's beard, as it were a paternal one, bent over him, and he murmured into it: "A drink! . . ."

Then, simultaneously, a deafening concord of voices: "Alive! . . . The devil himself! . . . The gypsy, and the other, have pegged out, but this one's still alive! . . ."

He lay thus for a few moments and saw above him fragments of beards, and red noses, and, as if the men were not at all the ones who had been trying to beat him to death, he again whispered: "A drink . . . brothers!"

Then, above his eye, a fist flashed out and broke his teeth.

Someone asked with astonishment and not a little distress: "Where did he get it all? The strength of an anathema! Whew!"

And no matter how Titkov braced his stomach, he felt the whole cruel force of the iron-shod boot.

Five minutes later the three bodies near the well were motionless.

The Cossacks washed, coughed intermittently, and blew their noses, just as they did in the morning after sleep; one of them even wetted his hair and drew a small metal comb through it.

Cossack women with infants in their arms approached to have a look. The sun was inclining toward midday when a cart drove up. The three bodies were dumped into it and borne four versts from the village—towards a ravine.

Two young Cossacks walked beside the cart. Their shouldered rifles gleamed in the sun.

They never left the village without their rifles, even a matter of four versts. It was a turbulent time—the eighteenth year.

And it so happened that when Titkov, lying uppermost of the others, opened his eye, he was blinded instantly by the gleam of the rifles at the backs of the Cossacks walking side by side.

Cossacks and rifles—he remembered them afterward—he had seen them before, but the gleam seemed extraordinary, had something unearthly about it. . . .

And the pain, all at once, went through his whole frame; his throat and every organ in his body burned unbearably.

He had come to himself just as the horses were approaching the ravine, and once more tried to recover his memory, to find out

what was the matter with him, where he was, and why he felt pain everywhere, when he heard one Cossack say to the other: "Here's a nice slope. . . . They'll fly like jack-daws. . . ."

And the second voice said: "Here, of course! The very place . . ."

Titkov could make neither head nor tail of this. And when, all wet, he was being dragged from the cart by four hands, amidst curses, he groaned with his whole broken body and looked with his single eye, so that the four superstitious hands perceptibly relaxed, and as he struck the earth he groaned even louder.

Then the horses snorted and moved their heads, and the pair with the rifles sprang back twenty paces. . . .

He listened and heard one of the Cossacks, after prolonged cursing, add: "And you, unholy power, when will you give up your accursed breath?"

And when Titkov looked again he saw how the other snatched his rifle off his back, aimed, and fired . . .

Titkov trembled as he lay. It was as if someone had driven a huge nail into his breast. . . . And here, a jot higher, another nail was driven in: a bullet fired by the second Cossack.

His mouth opened to let the blood out; twice he jerked his head, then was quiet.

The Cossacks dragged the stiffened body of Semyon with its broken head toward the chasm, and swinging it first by the feet and shoulders, flung it down in silence. The corpse of the gypsy Manolati with its head to one side they threw after it with the remark: "Well, that's where your 'On top' will be!"

As for Titkov's body, when they had dragged it to the edge of the ravine, they paused.

"Suppose, suddenly, this devil . . . " began one.

"D'you think he's alive?" said the other.

They even pulled up his wet shirt to see where the bullets were. But when they saw the whole body blue with bruises, and that the bullets had pierced the right breast they merely shook the tufts of hair at the edge of their caps and pushed him down genially and watched the body turning somersaults, now catching vegetation by the feet, now by the head, until, at last, it lay at the bottom of the slope beside the first two.

Evening was coming on. The sun was no longer visible in the valley. There were shadows and coolness.

Three women from a neighbouring farm descended into the ravine for wood. At the bottom and here and there on the slopes there were bushes—hacked down each year, and not the less persistent in growing again. And the women brought with them knives and rope.

When they stumbled on the corpses they fled in fright; then looked behind, and paused. Each pushed the other forward until again they confronted the bodies.

They gazed, shook their heads, and held the ends of their headkerchiefs against their eyes.

"They must stink by this time?" queried one, doubtfully.

"They look fresh, I think," said the second, holding her nose.

"An' yesterday I was rummaging here, my dears—they wasn't here then!" said the third, clasping her hands. "What kind o' scoundrels did it to them?"

Corpses should lie quiet. It is terrifying when a corpse tries to lift its head. It is enough to frighten anybody.

And when, slightly opening an eye, Titkov's head weakly turned, the women groaned and screamed all together, and the place was full of gleaming white ankles and running feet.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour had passed when, one encouraging the other, the women returned for the third time and heard the whisper: "Little women, a drink, please . . ."

A tiny spring had broken its way through the ravine two hundred paces below. The women knew this, but they had neither jugs nor cups with them, only knives and rope. . . .

They suddenly noticed a blood-stained cap on the slope. It had fallen off Semyon Karavanchenko when his body had been flung down. They washed it as best they could and brought water to Titkov, and, bending over him, with the cap full of water in their hands, they thirstily watched as he thirstily drank.

He drank the whole contents of the cap and breathing with difficulty, glanced from woman to woman.

"My poor man, what sort of villains beat you like that?" one of the women asked, but in a whisper, which came as it were from his very vitals, he responded: "A little more water!"

It had grown dark when the women, at last, lifted him and bore him from the ravine.

Several times they paused wearily, while he again lost consciousness, and they said one to the other, reproachfully: "What was the good of disturbing the poor soul? . . . Better had he died there, in the night. He'll only suffer now. . . ."

Nevertheless, they dragged him out, unbound his hands, and took him to the hospital in town, some twelve versts away.

And during the journey they went on reproaching one another. They said it would have been better if they had let him alone, if they had not brought him water, if they had left him to die back there in the ravine. They said they would never get him to the hospital alive, and that it was all for nothing. They'd only lose their sleep, and tire out their horse.

If they comforted themselves at all, it was that there were but few moujiks left on the farm, and their households were without any, and they could do as they pleased: it pleased them to be taking this man to the hospital, that was all there was to it . . . they'd take him there. . . . Let him die in the hospital if he must, there was something good in that, he'd at least have a proper burial.

To the questions asked them in the hospital, "Who is he?" and "Who beat him up?" the women answered: "An' how should we know? . . . We found him like that . . . in the ravine . . ."

"What's the good of bringing him here?" they said. "It's all the same, he'll die in the end!"

"If he dies, we'll fetch a wreath to put on his grave," said the women. "We've got to hurry home, and be there by morning. There're the cows to feed . . ."

The women returned home in time, just as the first light showed in the sky. The physicians in the hospital sought and marked off Titkov's broken ribs that morning with the same dispassionateness with which the ribs had been broken in the village, by the well.

## II

A month had passed.

It was a holiday—there was little to do.

The three women from the farm journeyed to town, bringing with them a wreath of simple country flowers to put on the grave

of the man whose thirst they had quenched and whom they had rescued from the ravine.

Much had happened during the month, and everyone knew all about the corpses and how they came to be in the ravine.

It was a summer day, and the women, having started at luncheon time, thought to return in the evening. They had no business of any kind in town. Their one thought was to pay a visit to the grave, place the wreath there, and return home.

They harnessed a pair of horses, both well-fed beasts.

And while the horses and the wheels sounded their measured pace along the little frequented road, the women recalled how but a month before they had covered the same ground, with the man in their cart.

"Did any one ever carry on a cart such a cripple?" said the eldest, who was about forty years of age and was called Loukerya and had faded eyes. "That shaking-up was enough to put an end to him!"

"Yes, pulling at the reins, it was all I could do to keep my eyes from him—lying there so pitiful-like . . ." said Aksinya, who was somewhat younger and had dark arched eyebrows.

"An' he lying there with his head on my knees all the time, and me never moving for fear of d'sturb'ing him, though my legs did ache . . ." said Likonida, the youngest, grief in her grey eyes. "If we just knew his name!"

Thus rode the women with the wreath, and on their sides there stretched first the Cossack fields, then the peasant fields. The boundary of the district lay not far from the farm; they were across the frontier of another province.

Hordes of men had not long since passed over these fields and in places they had trod the wheat down. The women observed the traces of indifferently treading feet.

The sun however shone friendlily, and the earth, like a warm body, exhaled odours comprehensible to the women—was not the earth like a woman's body?

A hawk circled overhead, a mere dot in the blue. A cuckoo sounded its note in the ravine. Flies settled on the horses who vigorously switched their tails, but could effect nothing and had to depend on the reins to drive the flies off.

There had been a fire on one of the farms. The women knew



of this, they had seen the flames a week before; and now fixed their eyes on the spot where some charred cottages and barns stood.

"Cattle must have been lost, too!" said Aksinya, holding the reins.

"How long do you think it will keep up?" said Loukerya, arranging the straw under her.

Likonida, who was holding the wreath, tore a leaf from it that seemed to her superfluous, held it between her lips; then, throwing it on the road, said sadly: "Fool-ish, fool-ish women. . . . What's the good of going? Why are we going?"

But the belfries of the town were already appearing from behind the dark green of the gardens, and the other two said: "It's all the same now—it won't take long."

As it happened, in approaching the hospital they had to pass the graveyard which lay to the right of the road. And the women said one to the other: "If we just knew his name—we'd get down and ask the watchman. He has to know the names of the dead."

They stopped the horses, but found no one to ask; they drove on and at two reached the hospital.

They left the horses at the gate after giving them a measure of hay. For fear someone passing by would steal the wreath, grey-eyed Likonida took it with her. And thus the trio, carrying it, marched across the hospital courtyard, to ask where they should find the grave of him whom they had brought a month before, and what his name was.

Simple people remember their illnesses and the illnesses of those near to them only during holidays—never on work-days. And now amid the bustle in the hospital courtyard with grass between the cobbles, the three women with the wreath wandered, not knowing of whom to ask what they wanted to know.

They ran into a stocky figure in an apron and asked him, but he grunted angrily: "Can't you see? I am the cook."

They met another, this time a bareheaded man, also in an apron, carrying a bad-smelling pail. He listened to them, then said that he hadn't been long here, and went off at a trot.

They turned to a woman all in white with a red cross, and she answered by asking: "And what's his name?"

"An' how should we know, my dear?" said the women, in astonishment.



"If you don't know, what's the good of looking?"

And she hurried away from them on her high heels.

Then they stopped an old woman, who chanced to be the matron. She did not know, but conducted them to the assistant-surgeon, a red-moustached, beardless man, in a white smock.

He greatly astonished them.

"You say he died a month ago? . . . It sounds simple, but a month ago! It will take some searching. You can't count them all. . . . Do you know what it's like? Do you know how many people die here? You can't imagine it!"

"But you see, this man of ours—he was killed," they tried to jog his memory. But the assistant-surgeon, staring at them, said: "Everybody's killed. . . . There's no such thing here as a live man."

In any case, they'd look at the books.

The women saw to the horses, who were standing where they had left them, munching their hay. They made a complete circuit of the courtyard, glanced into the laundry, into the kitchen, into the cess-pool (Likonida holding to the wreath), and walked into the garden to sit in the cool for a while, until the assistant-surgeon should find in the books what they wanted to know.

The garden was small; it had but two narrow pathways. There were a few patients sitting on forms painted yellow. They were dressed all alike—in white; only their caps were their own. One lay on a folding stretcher and was reading a newspaper—they looked at him critically; another sat in a wheel-chair and gazed high at the foliage; his arms were bandaged, his head also. . . . Two patients had relatives sitting with them; near one of them a tiny girl sucked at a sweet in a rose paper.

Timidly, holding to one another, the women went along one of the paths, staring hard with country eyes: such were the patients, such was the three-flounced frock worn by one woman, such were the brown stockings worn by the little girl. . . .

They walked past the man who was reading the newspaper. They studied him attentively, each for herself noting his thin fingers—like straws, they thought—how ever did he manage to hold the paper with them!—what keen eyes he had!—Then they walked past the one in the chair, and studied him as well. His eyes were sunken and large, and his arms were supported from the

neck by a sling . . . and they noticed another thing, that the wheel-chair was in the full sun, and they thought it might better have been in the shade. . . . And they went further.

It was impossible to go very far in this small garden. They had come to the green fence, so they retraced their steps along the same path, past the little girl with the sweet, past the stretcher, past the wheel-chair.

They pushed back the kerchiefs on their heads to allow coolness to reach them, while Likonida hung the wreath over the crook of her elbow, like a basket. As they approached the wheel-chair it occurred to her to look at the flowers and say regretfully: "See, they've withered, dragging 'em about . . ."

The patient with the white swathe around his head and his arms bandaged as far as the neck darted a perturbed look at them suddenly and said in a low voice: "Is it you . . . ?"

And the women stopped short.

"It's you—yes!" he repeated with intense joy—radiant.

"It's our man! Our man! In God's truth, ours!" the women cried it loud enough for everyone in the garden to hear. "Our very own! . . . And we with a wreath for your grave. . . . Look, it's he . . . come to life again! . . ."

It was so unlooked-for, so marvellous, so exquisite, it transported their very souls, and, unable to do otherwise, they fell each after the other on their knees by the wheel-chair, prayerful and exultant.

## BOYS TEASE A WOUNDED HAWK

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

This furious parcel of feathers and sinews and bones,  
With sabred beak and dagger-talons spread,  
This desperate courage, brought down by a farmer's gun,  
Flings up from its depths of pain the defiant head  
When it sees nine boys around it with sticks and stones—  
And its molten eyes glare straight back into the sun.

Spilled blood is black on its breast and one wing sags  
In dusty grass by the road. . . . They will torture more  
A wild thing tortured too much . . . because it will fight,  
Arrogant, brave and defiant and hot to the core  
Of the burning heart, though into the tough flesh jags  
An end of the splintered bones that deny it flight . . .

I admire wings that have soared—though now shot low;  
I admire courage that faces the odds—in the wrong;  
I understand the needs—though they be our lack,  
And the strength of a little thing that may shame the strong . . .  
In which boy, teasing the hawk, will strong wings grow?  
And which will not whine with the loaded lash on his back?

The boys will delay on the road to school till a stone  
Or stick shall strike this tense thing down in the dust  
And the talons shall clutch on emptiness and the beak  
Snap shut on emptiness, and the frantic lust  
Of battle shall go. . . . They will go then and leave it—alone,  
The wind in soft feathers—and crows shall find what they seek.

## THE ASS AND THE SUNBEAM

BY LEON SRABIAN HERALD

THE ass, tied to the manger all winter, was getting lazier and lazier—contented and accustomed to the darkness of the stable. One day he was startled by a sunbeam which fell across his back from a crack in the barn, and supposing it something with which a mischievous fellow was trying to goad him, looked at it wildly, kicked and moved about to avoid it, and then forgot it. But again he moved in such a way that the sunbeam could not but fall on him. He was positive this time that a devil was about to torture him. Looking back, the ass kicked till he had broken the planks which served him as a bed, and the shoes from his hind feet. His legs were now lame and bleeding and the goad still pointed at him.

Finally he was so lame he could kick no more. His sharp ears drooping, and his eyes contracted till they were lost under his eyelashes, he groaned, swooned, and fell down in his stall. When he had recovered consciousness he was aware that a certain part of his back was warm and more eased than the rest of his body, and looking behind, saw the sunbeam resting on him like the hand of a loving master. He perceived that it was not a goad but a sunbeam, and getting up, though his legs could hardly support him, he cursed his asininity in having afforded humanity an epithet so opprobrious to himself.

# BOOK REVIEWS

## OR NOT TO SEQUEL!

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER, Together with their Sequels, The English Mail-Coach and Suspiria de Profundis. By Thomas De Quincey. With an Introductory Essay by George Saintsbury. 10mo. 279 pages. Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. \$5.

"SURELY everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fire-side: candles at four o'clock, warm hearth rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without. . . ." July readers of THE DIAL may remember that we had a wintry spring, and even in May when Professor Saintsbury's arrangement of The Confessions, with their sequels, The English Mail-Coach and Suspiria de Profundis, fell into my hands, the wind and rain were raging audibly enough without to content even Thomas De Quincey whose idea of perfect bliss was a long winter evening devoted to German metaphysics and a quart of ruby-coloured laudanum. I think it very likely that there is no real distinction to be made between winter books and summer books but certainly Professor Saintsbury's essay on De Quincey got me admirably through my rainy evening; and the German metaphysics and accompanying potations were not required. As rainy days are undoubtedly more frequent than they used to be, this is a point to be noted. De Quincey is not an author whose writings you may merely glance at, nor Professor Saintsbury either; they demand uninterrupted sessions; rainy nights preferred.

The present issue of The Confessions is the concise, original version of 1822, not the later enlargement; and to it, by way of sequels, The English Mail-Coach and the Suspiria have been added for the first time. There will no doubt always be differences of

opinion in regard to enlargements and sequels but these are differences, usually, between writers and critics. Wilful and fastidious artists are always being tempted to say-over their early works in the light of later knowledge and critics are always replying Nay. Scandalized purists for form—I mean the sporting word “form”—made such a thorough-going protest against the late re-writings of Henry James but a few years ago that there is now no great necessity to go again at any length into the question, and so Professor Saintsbury, who doesn’t mention Henry James but may have thought of him, is brief and emphatic; and he carries his fellow-critics with him. Rules in art, to escape breakage, must be simple indeed, and the only one that applies to this case is that a “best version” is its own justification; and it happens that the Confessions of an English Opium-Eater came a masterpiece into the world and were not bettered by subsequent expansion. This same easy rule accepts the sequels, too, simply because they are beautiful. Nowadays, Professor Saintsbury thinks, you cannot expect a reader to consume a dozen volumes by a writer not a novelist, and he prepares for the time when the casual reader will be still more abrupt by giving him the finest of De Quincey in *one* volume. The Vision of Sudden Death, which is part of the English Mail-Coach, is inferior to some of the finest incidents in the Confessions but it “is inferior to very little else.” In the *Suspiria de Profundis* “De Quincey did his greatest work and some of the greatest prose in English literature”; and the introduction to *Our Ladies of Sorrow* “certainly gives us the finest piece of English prose yet extant in its own particular kind—a kind perhaps not itself of the very highest, because there is a touch of melodrama in it, a slight excess of brass in the music, and of crimson and black in the painting—but still and again in its kind supreme.” Surely none will quarrel with these dicta nor with the belief that Professor Saintsbury does display his author “in beauty”; which was, he says, his hope.

There is just one minute point, however, upon which our essayist does not quite convince me—always providing, of course, I read him correctly. Of the opium, which De Quincey says in one place was the true hero of his tale, there is this: “In the only instance where I have been myself exposed to its influence—a strong injection of morphia to lessen the pain of acute rheumatism—it kept me awake all night, and though not deadening the pain much, made

me extra-attentive to the song of a nightingale which had amiably established itself in our Cambridgeshire garden. But it made De Quincey a prose nightingale in his own person."

It is the last line of this passage that confuses me a trifle. It suggests, to a possibly perverse reviewer, that opium made De Quincey an artist—and that I cannot see. To my mind he must have become the superb author of *Our Ladies of Sorrow* whether he succumbed to the attractions of laudanum or not. The terrific descent to hell under the auspices of opium gave him, no doubt, an overwhelming subject; one that must, as was said also of *Gulliver's Travels*, have written itself once the central idea had been conceived, but the tendency to dream and the ear for the melodic line were already there. Opium incontestably expands the dream but cannot give you the artist's attitude towards the dream. As De Quincey himself says, "He whose talk is of oxen will probably dream of oxen." He also adds, "Habitually to dream magnificently a man must have a constitutional determination to reverie."

On the other hand, one cannot be too grateful to Professor Saintsbury for keeping modern psychology out of the argument. The Viennese view-point is not mentioned once.

HENRY McBRIDE



## THE ART OF WRITING

ON THE ART OF WRITING. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. 12mo. 302 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

IN HIS brief preface Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch remarks upon the extempore appearance of his Cambridge lectures on the art of writing. He might, he says, have made "a smooth treatise" by recasting. But he preferred to leave them as they were, hoping to enforce further their point of view—that the art of writing and the appreciation of it are not cut and dried prescriptive affairs, but matters of daily democratic import, of struggle and practice, vital enough to the well-being of intelligence to be pursued with a will—in an orderly manner if possible, but even helter-skelter rather than not at all. This may or may not have been a well advised decision, but of one thing the reader can be sure: the discourses themselves possess a force of enthusiasm which many a smoother effort does not muster.

The vigour of his counsels perhaps derives in part from the fact that rather than counsels of perfection they are practical throughout, yet framed as much for their ultimate as for their immediate consequence. In insisting that literature is for both writers and readers an affair of practice, in attacking especially the vices in composition of average persons, in warmly dwelling on the merits, both in writing and appreciation, which such average persons may with honest practice expect to attain, the author is not merely considering the private welfare of those to whom his advice may be addressed. The art itself advances with the advances of its practitioners and appreciators. Counsels such as these are drawn in the confidence that achievement is inevitably social, individual genius being simply the crest of the wave, and great work accomplished only in those times when men in general "are eager about great work." "It is the impetus of the undistinguished host," he suggests in his second discourse, "that flings forward a Diomed or a Hector."

The specific exhortations are not many, and they have been made before. Literature as a living art, he asserts, is to be practised, and those who practise it are to strive before all to write accurately

and appropriately, and to "eschew Jargon." Such monitions—they are much—together with the view of style presented in the concluding discourse, that it is the perfection of justice to the subject and of courtesy to the reader, constitute nearly the sum of his considerations. But they do not constitute the sum of his effect, or the whole reason that his discourses are now in their tenth printing. Nor does this reason lie in mere scholarly amassments, or necessarily in cleverness or zest of utterance, though these latter may point at some sources of effect. The particular force of the lectures, one must think, is in their intelligence, their sense of what the practice and appreciation of literature can mean for minds, but more than this in their teaching fire, their ambition to bring that meaning to be, in whatever share is possible.

The author's reservations, perhaps, most indicate his qualities. He doubts "if after all English literature can in any ordinary sense be taught." But no one can deny, he thinks, "that the study of English literature can be promoted in young minds by an elder one—that their zeal may be encouraged, their tastes directed, their vision cleared, quickened, enlarged." What is this if not a just estimate of all that the best teaching can accomplish in any sphere? Learning is acquisition, to which tuition is merely accessory, though how vitally accessory one may sometimes see in the dereliction. If it be asked *how* the study of literature is to be promoted, the answer is equally to the point: not by filling up the learner's mind with names and dates, or the anatomy of texts, or the small change of commentators, but by taking "*absolutely*" the piece to be considered, taking it "with minds intent on discovering what the author's mind intended." Only as subsidiary to this purpose, the foundation of acquisition, may the student justifiably be required to occupy himself with commentators.

If the author knows what cannot be done in promoting the study of literature, he knows too, what can, and he justly values it. The trait or mark of such discourses as these is that they take seriously not simply their subject of instruction, but, by their example, the art of instructing. It is a book of teaching—they are seldom written—and though it may be somewhat at loose ends, as the author suggests, the matter of logical finish may be conceded before the vigorous and versatile spirit that pervades the pages. All of education may not lie in having contact with such a spirit, but part of it does.

CHARLES K. TRUEBLOOD

## RETREAT

FOR LANCELOT ANDREWES, *Essays on Style and Order*. By T. S. Eliot. 10mo. 159 pages. *Double-day, Doran and Company*. \$2.

IF IT is impossible to read Mr T. S. Eliot's criticism without respect, it is also becoming increasingly impossible to read it without misgivings. In *The Sacred Wood*, and again in *Homage to John Dryden*, Mr Eliot provided his immediate generation with a group of literary essays which were an admirable corrective for many of the intellectual and aesthetic disorders of the time. They were compact, precise, astringent; they brought the past to bear on the present, the present into a visible relation with the past; in short, they helped materially to restore, for a literary generation which had lost its bearings, a sense of tradition as a living and fruitful thing. If one had any complaint to make, with regard to these essays, it was not of their main tendency, which was wholesome; nor had one any fault to find with Mr Eliot's intelligence and aesthetic tact, which were acute; it was rather with regard to the plane on which Mr Eliot chose to conduct his analysis—and the tone which he adopted—that one might have cavilled. In the matter of plane, one had to note that Mr Eliot tended to be somewhat abstract, not to say academic. His analysis was more often analysis of the document itself than of the psychological dynamics of which the document was the sign; he seemed to regard literary forms as absolute and autonomous; and correspondingly, he seemed to minimize the merely functional, or social and psychological, elements in the creation of literature.

These restrictions made for simplicity and weight; but they also gave one an uncomfortable feeling that a great deal was being left out. In his very preoccupation with what was past and fixed, Mr Eliot was perhaps already beginning to define himself, and his limitations, more candidly than he was quite aware. It was as if the immediate, the fluidly immediate, the here and now—whether it were to be seen in terms of personality, and the relation

of personality to the work of art, or in terms of the relation of the work of art to its social "moment"—were positively frightening to him. Again and again he took elaborate pains to evade or minimize the problem of personality: even going so far as to maintain that the work of art is an *escape* from personality; a very revelatory view. It may here be pertinently questioned whether it is not precisely in this curious *doctrine* that Mr Eliot is seeking an "escape from personality." From the psychological chaos of the "I" and the "now," let us seek refuge in a world of canons, forms, and rituals.

But if one felt, now and then, a shiver from this quarter in The Sacred Wood, one is exposed to a merciless blast of it in Mr Eliot's new book, *For Lancelot Andrewes*. In this, Mr Eliot seems to be definitely and defeatedly in retreat from the present and all that it implies. A thin and vinegarish hostility towards the modern world is breathed from these pages. Seeking certainties, or at least a hope of certainties, Mr Eliot sounds a quavering recall, and attempts to lead us back to classicism in literature, to royalism in politics, and to the Anglo-Catholic church in religion. Humanism he condemns as merely a "sporadic" ancillary of religion, a kind of parasite, unable to exist fruitfully in its own right. Reason is bankrupt. Of the human race, the less said the better. Of Machiavelli, he remarks in this new book: "He was no fanatic; he merely told the truth about humanity. The world of human motives which he depicts is true—that is to say, it is humanity without the addition of superhuman Grace. It is therefore tolerable only to persons who have also a definite religious belief; to the effort of the last three centuries to supply religious belief by belief in Humanity the creed of Machiavelli is insupportable. . . . What Machiavelli did not see about human nature is the myth of human goodness which for liberal thought replaces the belief in Divine Grace."

It is hard to describe this as anything but a complete abdication of intelligence. And *pari passu* with this abdication goes a striking change in Mr Eliot's whole outlook and style. A note of withered dogmatism sounds repeatedly in these pages; the circle of Mr Eliot's sympathies has narrowed and hardened; in his essays on Andrewes and Bramhall, he is even led, by his propagandist

zeal, to write dully of dull subjects. Throughout the entire book—unless we except some excellent pages on Middleton and Baudelaire—we feel the presence of a spirit which is inimical to everything new or bold or generous. Cautiously, jejune, with an air of puritan acerbity, it seeks a refuge from humanity in Grace, from personality in dogma, and from the present in the past. Turning its back on the living word, it retreats into a monastic chill; and denies the miracle and abundance of life. But can the miracle and abundance be denied in this fashion? Not, one suspects, so simply or so summarily. The moment is still with us, it is a world to be explored, and there are still intrepid explorers. Mr Eliot might have been one of these—as indeed in his verse at times he *has* been—and, but for the Grace of God, he might be yet. It is to be hoped that he will not continue to prefer a narrower and safer path.

CONRAD AIKEN

## BRIEFER MENTION

**THE YELLOW BOOK, A Selection**, edited by Cedric Ellsworth Smith (10mo, 413 pages; Edwin Valentine Mitchell: \$4). The covers are yellow and a Beardsley drawing is stamped upon them! Inside there are "papers" by Max Beerbohm, Ernest Dowson, Lionel Johnson, Henry James, and Edmund Gosse. There is a story by George Gissing. There are also stories, not at all bad, by John Buchan and H. G. Wells. Altogether these pickings from a once fashionable publication are calculated to give considerable nostalgia to survivors from the period directly indicated. It is extremely pleasant to have a condensed Yellow Book, and so well condensed, on one's night-table.

**THE TRUE HEART**, by Sylvia Townsend Warner (12mo, 260 pages; Viking Press: \$2.50). This is the most accomplished book that the author of *Lolly Willowes* has yet written. That the ending is weak and unconvincing is forgiven and forgotten. There is a delicacy of perception, a poetic luminousness, a prompt and tender insight into the heart, a humour deft and pointed, a genuine feeling for the country—how fine a passage about the trees, "the trunk rising from the ground with the energy of a torrent"—that more than compensate for the facile society clevernesses which too often mar this writer's literary compositions.

**SWANN'S WAY**, by Marcel Proust, introduction by Lewis Galantière (16mo, 551 pages; The Modern Library: 95 cents) belongs to a rare and exclusive domain, among products of the creative imagination whose breadth and depth are—in Proust's own phrase—"measurable by aesthetic co-ordinates alone." As an exquisite panorama of contacts, of pleasures, of boredoms, of courtesies, of recollections, it embodies the art of the novelist at the apex of penetration and precision. The translation of C. K. Scott Moncrieff is here made available for the pocket, complete and unabridged.

**VASCO**, by Marc Chadourne, translated from the French by Eric Sutton (12mo, 282 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$2.50) opens on the well-worn theme of post-war restlessness, rises to a climax of bizarre adventure in the South Seas, and tapers off scientifically—in the author's own analysis—as "a classic instance of anxiety-neurosis." Before the Freudian curtain falls, however, an ingenious and richly coloured tale is unfolded—a study of disintegration in the tropics vividly imagined and honestly recorded. "Why should a man try to create when he most nearly approaches the divine by losing himself?" This is the question which Vasco poses, wrestles with in the "timeless vegetating life" of Tahiti, and never answers.



**MIDSUMMER NIGHT** and *Other Tales in Verse*, by John Masefield (16mo, 164 pages; Macmillan: \$2) recounts several of the minor legends of Arthur with characteristically mobile and sensuous charm, and with some of the emotional energy, the rapidity and rise of passion for which Masefield's earlier poetic narratives are known. In none of the tales, however, is the reader aware of a sustained flight, a major poetic effort. The themes do not appear to have urged the poet to his utmost.

**POETRY OF THE ORIENT**, edited by Eunice Tietjens (10mo, 312 pages; Knopf: \$5). Whether one reads the strong, free poetry of the Arabian desert; the highly sophisticated *kasida* of Persia; the condensed *tanka* of Japan, so full of intangible suggestions, so concrete yet so elliptical; the polished poems of China, mature, objective, evolved; or the mystical expressions typical of the culture of India; one is equally aware of the value of poetic imagination among all peoples at all times as an antidote to what is mean, baleful, and torpid in existence. Mrs Tietjens in her interesting explanations meets one's objections almost before they can be formulated for oneself. This anthology, so patiently and intelligently compiled, bespeaks appreciative response from every cultured person.

**KEATS'S SHAKESPEARE**, by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon (8vo, 178 pages; Oxford University Press, American Branch: \$10). One has long cherished the intuition that with the possible exception of Charles Lamb, Keats apprehended the innermost flavour of Shakespeare's poetry with more passionate "empathy" than any other reader before or since. And here, surely, is an irrefutable proof of this! Though it will be only by the sworn, dedicated virtuosos of the "fine phrase" that full justice will be done to this twice-precious document, the volume will be found to contain many memorable touches with a pathetic beauty of their own even for the least initiated. The value of the book is immensely enhanced by Severn's delicate water-colour drawing of the poet in his deck-chair on the *Maria Crowther*; while a whimsical turn is given to the situation by Keats's indignant strictures upon Samuel Johnson's editorial remarks.

**ENGLAND FROM WORDSWORTH TO DICKENS**, by R. W. King (12mo, 240 pages; Harcourt, Brace: \$2). This anthology of English verse and prose, in minuteness like a scene viewed through a little glass-covered aperture in an Easter-egg, is a picture of England and of English character between 1784 and 1837, in specimens of writing that one would value for their intrinsic richness; and political, economic, cultural, and social aspects of a country, as seen in debates, dinners, dress, plays, vehicles, Mayings, boxing-matches, and university life, are not a dull peep-show.

The good fortune of The Oxford University Press—that is to say, its high ability—in making re-editions seem necessary, is again exemplified in **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT** with introduction by Edmund Blunden (18mo, 572 pages; 80 cents). That Leigh Hunt "takes his place among the mystics as well as the men of letters" needs to be said, and we may well be brought anew into the "radiant pleasure of his notions."



**JOHN SMITH—ALSO POCAHONTAS**, by John Gould Fletcher (10mo, 296 pages; Brentano's: \$3.50). That sooner or later the rankling sting of sharp shame for our treatment of Pocahontas (and Powhatan her father) and indeed for the whole scandal of our relations with the Indians should strike us from some source at once pithy and popular, was inevitable. It is lucky that the light ironic touch of such a poet as Fletcher, his earthy humour, his dramatic feeling, should be the medium for this shock to our historic complacency. It is indeed hard not to associate Mr Fletcher's intimate knowledge of the idiosyncratic life of his Arkansas countryside with the sly humour with which the ostentatious weakness as well as the shrewd tenacity of Captain John Smith is here revealed. The great Elizabethan colonizer gets his due from the Arkansas poet; but Mr Fletcher is not bluffed by the Captain's bombast or indeed by any of his scurvy tricks.

**THE PEDRO GORINO**, by Captain Harry Dean and Sterling North (8vo, 262 pages; Houghton Mifflin: \$3.50) is the story of a dream of empire and a narrative of trade and adventure in Africa. Captain Dean commanded a schooner which he dedicated as an instrument in building up a free colony for members of his race. That hope was not destined to be realized, but in its service he faced many dangers in jungle and diamond mine. His reminiscences lose none of their vividness and none of their picaresque flavour in the re-telling.

**HANS ANDERSEN THE MAN**, by Elith Reumert, translated from the Danish by Jessie Bröchner (8vo, 192 pages; Dutton: \$3.50) must impress readers as less a biographical rendering of the spirit of Andersen in the terms of his life than a literal and over-concerned defence of him against what the biographer conceives to be damaging gossip. Made apparently by cataloguing Andersen's doings and traits as shown in his diaries and letters, and in parallels between his life and his works, it does contain the materials of an impression—Andersen being too distinct a person for such not to be the case—but the impression is one that will have to be gathered by the reader for himself. Among the twenty-six illustrations are nine of Andersen's playful and charming paper figures.

**IN GLADSTONE AND PALMERSTON** (their correspondence between 1851 and 1865) (8vo, 367 pages; Harper's: \$5) the editor, Philip Guedalla, proceeds with his new biographical method. A rather distant bow to "one gifted ironist" in the introduction, absolves Mr Strachey of "studied irreverence," and properly condemns this attitude as not being the essence of modern biography. But one is baffled to learn that the essence is brevity (which one had assigned not to biography, but to wit). Mr Guedalla, having been brief, now begins the publication of his "justificatory pieces"—in this case illuminating letters between two leaders of British policy. The references to the American Civil War and to the Albert Memorial will amuse lay readers; others will be impressed by the large-scale operations of ministers, prime and other, and by their occasionally baffling dullness.

**MY FRIEND ROBESPIERRE**, by Henri Beraud, translated from the French by Slater Brown (8vo, 298 pages; Macaulay: \$3) is an "imaginary biography" of Robespierre, represented as if told by his schoolfellow and confidant from the provinces, who is also shown as holding a subordinate office in connexion with the Committee of Public Safety. The device, which is admirable in fiction, is here shown not out of place in biography, for the account it affords of Robespierre, while not a remarkable study in the psychology of ambition, and scarcely comparable with Carlyle's treatment of the same subject, nevertheless does evoke sympathy and leave the reader with some not unpalatable suggestions as to the fusions of motive in this bloodiest of all idealists.

**JOHN JACOB ASTOR**, by Arthur D. Howden Smith (8vo, 296 pages; Lippincott: \$3.50). Not top-notch as literature but readable for those interested in reconstructing the early New York scene. The author allowed himself to be carried away by his enthusiasm for wild-west adventure and used far too many chapters in explaining how his hero lost \$800,000 in his west-coast operations—whereas any Balzac could have told him that the real thing and the only thing in a John Jacob Astor life was the how and the why of the colossal fortune. Did J. J. A. really have an \$80,000,000 mind? You are none too sure when you lay aside the book.

**THE RE-DISCOVERY OF AMERICA**, by Waldo Frank (8vo, 353 pages; Scribner's: \$3). "Our success does not make happy, our loyalty to State or Corporation does not enlarge, our cult of sport does not invigorate, our cult of crime does not release, our education does not educate, our politicians do not govern, our arts do not recreate, our beauty does not nourish, our religions do not make whole." . . . Mr Frank has learned to say "no." Unfortunately, he has no affirmations. He recites the stereotyped lists of objections to life in the present United States with all the enthusiasm of a foreigner but when he attempts reconstitution he vanishes into thin air. He is pathetically non-creative. The fact is he is essentially a pupil. He bows so submissively to Spengler, Freud, and Einstein that he remains under-collegiate. That is why his cries of "Woe, woe" to the United States do not awaken the proper consternation—they so completely lack authority and style. This author gives the impression of being afraid of life and of talking big to reassure himself. He calls America The Jungle and it is clear that for him it is an uncharted land.

**ON DOING THE RIGHT THING and Other Debatable Matters**, by Albert Jay Nock (12mo, 249 pages; Harper's: \$2.50). The qualities of these essays on the low estate of culture in America—their detachment, their discernment, their clarity and urbanity, their justice of remark, their humour—are so clear that it is difficult to speak of possible shortcomings. Nevertheless a reader could not unreasonably retort upon the author that one cause of the inanition of American culture of which he complains, may be that the point of view represented by him and his fellow-spirits is too slenderly, perhaps too coolly represented. The sons of light appear to have too much liking for the role of bystander in the cultural scene. If Menckanism has failed of its objective, and Mr Nock says it has, then one could endure to see more thrust and onwardness in the admirable contentions of Mr Nock.

**MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS**, by Maurice Raynal, translated from the French by Ralph Roeder (8vo, 275 pages; Brentano's: \$7.50). Raynal is an exceedingly clever critic, perfectly aware of all that is going on and that has gone on in Paris and consequently thoroughly competent to sum up the movement of modern art. His book contains an essay on the situation in general and then a series of sketches of the prominent new artists. It is a gay mixture of the *potins* of the Quarter and the serious aims of the new school, and it ought to be easy reading for any one. Unfortunately the book is marred by obvious omissions that can only be explained on the score of politics. Why should Matisse, the Douanier Rousseau, Lurçat, and other such men be totally ignored in such a work? Oh, these French critics! Don't they know what probity is?

**FIRST EDITIONS OF TO-DAY AND HOW TO TELL THEM**, by H. S. Boutell (12mo, 62 pages; Lippincott: \$1). So many Americans have recently discovered that collecting first editions is a way to combine pleasure with profit that it was inevitable not only that such a work as this should appear but that the whole situation in regard to first editions should be clarified. The essentially un-subtle American mind wishes to know positively which the collector's edition is, before it invests; and it appears that an increasing number of publishers is willing to oblige with labelled first editions. Crafty Europeans have sometimes seemed to wish to keep the matter in confusion, the better to profit from an astute guess.

**JACQUES MAUNY**, by A. E. Gallatin (4to, 19 pages, 9 plates; Editions des Quatre Chemins: 60 francs). Mr Gallatin, the American critic, not only discovers a new French painter but discovers him for the French as well. Being American, in a way, was an aid in making the discovery, since Mauny, the "find," is the new type of Frenchman—the traveller, the cosmopolitan, equally unembarrassed and receptive in London and New York as in Paris. M Mauny's work is "*aigu et neuf*," Mr Gallatin writes in French. M Mauny never takes brush in hand until a project is pointed and clear in his mind. His work, in fact, has an intellectual cast, nervous and with an etched quality even in the paint, and it is certain to make its way with the new French "*connaisseurs*."

**LA GRAVURE SUR BOIS MODERNE DE L'OCCIDENT**, par Roger Avermaete (8vo, 239 woodcuts, 336 pages; Dorbon-Ainé: 150 francs). This is a large, well-made volume, copiously illustrated by woodcuts from most of the contemporary men who make them. The author gives the fullest possible account of the aims and accomplishments of these artists, but at the conclusion apologizes for concluding, saying—which is true enough—that the movement of cutting wood-blocks is in full cry, that it is a recent revival, and that each new day adds positive achievement to the record. He dates the former decline of the art from the moment when the renaissance artists decided to let mere artisans cut their designs on the wood and sees the modern re-birth of woodcuts in the famous insistence of Lepère upon cutting his own blocks. The volume gives a highly interesting *coup-d'oeil* upon the woodcuts of the present time and ought to add to their fame. The author seems to admire especially the work of the Belgians, holding that it keeps a safe mean between French cleverness and German harshness—and to this most of his readers will subscribe.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

NINE and a half years is a rather long time for one management in the present journalistic mêlée. On the edge of quitting we want to express our immense gratitude to the distinguished men and women who, with us, have edited and helped edit *THE DIAL* since 1920. These are: Stewart Mitchell, Gilbert Seldes, Alyse Gregory, Kenneth Burke, Marianne Moore. We are also grateful to our readers, always bearing in mind that although a magazine can get along somehow without readers it cannot exist without contributors—who were, however indignantly, *THE DIAL*.

S. W.

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